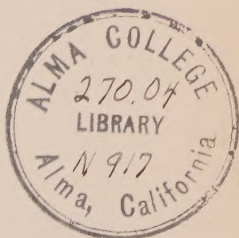
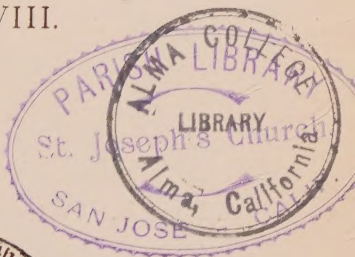


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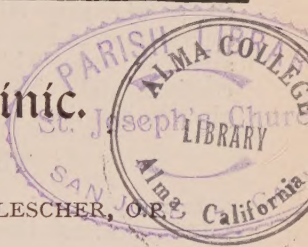
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St. Dominic.

(1170-1221.)

BY THE REV. WILFRID LESCHER, O.F.M.



It is of interest for English Catholics to know that St. Dominic was born in the year of St. Thomas of Canterbury's martyrdom, 1170. Once more, in the words of Tertullian, *Sanguis martyrum semen Christianorum*, "The blood of Martyrs is the seed of Christians." He belonged to the princely family of Guzman, settled at Calaroga, a Spanish town near the Pyrenees.

The noble lady who held him during baptism saw on his forehead a star of light, noticed also by his biographers in after years. At the age of fourteen he entered the schools at Palencia. His life there was solitary and frugal. He ate sparingly, and for ten years did not drink wine.

Both his parents were dead when he was ordained priest at the age of twenty-four, and at the request of his Bishop, soon after joined the Chapter of Reformed Canons of Osma, his native diocese. Although youngest in age, he was named Subprior. "Then," says Blessed Jordan, "he stood among his brethren as a shining light, first in holiness, but in his own opinion last of all, shedding around him a life-giving perfume. One thing he asked often and earnestly of God; it was

that He would give him a true charity, a love that would make it easy for him to give up all for the salvation of men, being convinced that only then would he be a true member of Christ, when he should consecrate himself with all his powers to win souls after the example of the Saviour of the world, our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for our redemption." His aspiration even then was after a missionary life, "for," says Theodoric, "his love for perishing souls was a continual and painful wound in his heart, for God had given to him the gift of a perfect charity."

The Albigenses.

In 1203 Dominic went with Diego, Bishop of Osma, into France. As they crossed the Pyrenees and entered the province of Languedoc, they were confronted with the ravages of the Albigensian heretics.

Dominic's heart yearned over the land. He had been reared in solitude. Yet at once, as by instinct, the zeal of an Apostle flashed out. With a tact equal to his charity, he converted the innkeeper who gave them shelter, on the first night of his arrival. Later he told a friend that this first success had suggested to his mind on the spot, the idea of an Order of Preachers.

The fellow travellers passed through Languedoc, and visited Rome. They turned homeward, re-entered Languedoc, and were on the point of leaving it when a mere accident, as we might call it, arrested their steps. Pope Innocent III. had instigated a movement against the aggression of the Albigenses. Success had been slight, and the Catholics were at the moment in conference at Montpellier, deliberating on the gloomy outlook. They heard of Diego and Dominic passing through, and invited their counsel. Diego spoke with burning words to the Fathers and magnates, and declared his intention of remaining in the land, preaching the poverty of Christ. He was hailed as a leader of the Catholic mission.

All went well. Dominic followed his Bishop as a simple preacher. His zeal and name soon filled the land. Surprising it was to see the student, the recluse, the man of prayer, showing forth all the fire, and still more the prudence and charity of a perfect apostle. His manifestation had come. It was as if a torrent from the quiet hills had found at length its outlet.

The Albigenses were amazed and angered by this new resistance. Their pride was checked by humble men; their imperious conquests trembled. They took up with fresh fury the arts of deception; but in vain. At Fanjeaux occurred a celebrated prodigy. A public thesis written by Dominic was put to the ordeal by fire. The document written in opposition by the Albigenses was cast into the flames and consumed. Dominic's was thrown out of the fire three times unscathed. This miracle was noised abroad and converted many. It is sculptured in marble on the Saint's tomb at Bologna.

A little town by the Pyrenees, thirty miles from Toulouse, was the first place to receive the impress of his religious rule. Here he provided for the education of Catholic girls by founding a small convent of nuns.

A sudden storm of war both tested and sheltered this refuge created by the zeal of the great preacher. Diego died, the Catholic mission collapsed, and hostilities broke out between the Catholics and the Albigenses.

"St. Dominic," says Blessed Humbert, "left almost alone, with a few companions who were bound to him by no vow, during ten years upheld the Catholic faith in different parts of Narbonne, especially at Carcassonne and Fanjeaux. He devoted himself entirely to the salvation of souls by the ministry of preaching, and he bore with a great heart a multitude of affronts, ignominies and sufferings for the Name of Jesus Christ."

"It was necessary," says the chronicler, "that he who loved God so much should love men dearly. As a youth he sold his books and other things, and he wished to sell himself as a slave to ransom a Christian from the Moors. Nor was he less illustrious in con-

soling unhappy men and alleviating their lot than in teaching them the truth. For he desired nothing more ardently than to help them on the way to heaven. Thus he embraced in the widest charity all sorts of men, nobles and peasants, Jews and Pagans. He disputed with heretics, but nevertheless he admonished them cheerfully and mildly to embrace the Catholic Faith. In fine, he was so moved with pity towards the afflicted, that he ardently desired to save even those who were in hell, had it been possible."

To the Catholics he was all in all: they found in him their defence, their father, their guide. "The Catholics loved him," we are told; "liberal and hospitable, he shared what he had with the poor. He was very sparing to himself in food, but wished others to be supplied abundantly so far as their means allowed. I never knew a man so humble, or who held the world in greater contempt. He received abuse, curses, and reproaches not only patiently but with joy, as though they were precious gifts. No persecution troubled him; he went about serene and intrepid in the midst of danger, and never turned out of his way from fear. If on his journeys he was overcome by weariness, he would lie down by the roadside for a scanty rest. Never did I know a man so given to prayer, or who so abounded in tears. He was heard to cry out: 'O Lord, have mercy on this people. What will become of sinners?' The sins of others were a torment to him. He would pass sleepless nights weeping over sinners." Another says:—"Into the wide embrace of his charity he received all men, and as he loved all, so was he beloved by all. He made it his business to rejoice with those that rejoiced, and to weep with those that wept, and wholly to pour himself out in pity for the afflicted, and love of his neighbour. All were moreover attracted by the fact that he never showed the least duplicity or pretence, in word or work, but always walked in the ways of simplicity."

His mission grew. Fervent companions came and clung to him. First of these was the dearly loved

Blessed Bertrand, who was with him in all toils, and was called his living image. Another was Lawrence the Englishman, also called Blessed. The capacity and energy of Dominic were not overlooked. He filled several important offices. Thrice he was offered, but refused, the episcopate.

The Rosary

This period of his life is bounded by two notable events, the murder of the Papal Legate, and the Battle of Muret. In the Breviary Office for Rosary Sunday, it is declared that, "he was admonished by the Blessed Virgin to preach the Rosary to the people as a singular remedy against heresy and sin." The Popes Leo X., St. Pius V., Gregory XIII., Sixtus V., Clement VIII., Alexander VII., Innocent XI., Clement XI., Innocent XIII., Benedict XIII., Pius IX., have, with a singular consent and in a most formal manner, attributed the Rosary to St. Dominic. Pope Leo XIII. has crowned the tradition by the words in his Encyclical Letter, dated September 22nd, 1891:—"The belief that to this form of prayer a special power has been accorded by the Queen of Heaven is justified, because by her instigation and under her patronage it was introduced by the holy Father Dominic, and it was spread in a time hostile to everything Catholic, much like our own, and as a powerful means of opposing the enemies of the Faith effectually."

It is easy to trace the Rosary to Dominic's mind and practice. He was emphatically the Apostle of vocal prayer. His own personal devotion was an example of ejaculatory prayer, akin to the Rosary method. His favourite prayer was the Our Father, over each syllable of which he lingered, especially at Mass. Next he loved the Hail Mary, "for indeed," says Castiglio, "no name after that of our Lord was so welcome to him as that sweet name of Mary, or so often on his lips." By the Rosary he renewed the love of Mary throughout the world. He never began an important work without

invoking her aid, and he left it to his brethren to do the same. One of his biographers adds, in words closely connected with this subject:—"There is a kind of prayer wherein the soul makes the body serve as an instrument of devotion, and this was often employed by the Blessed Dominic. The soul therein acts on the body, and the body reacts on the soul." The Rosary appears to be almost the spontaneous outcome of Dominic's interior spirit. The words of Pope Leo XIII. fitly prove its supernatural power:—"The sect of the heretical Albigenses had found its way secretly and publicly into many Provinces. This detestable offshoot of the Manicheans, whose numerous errors it revived, spread hypocrisy, murder, and a deadly hatred to the Church. Human help against these insidious audacious people was hardly to be expected, but the Rosary sent by God came to our aid by the power of the Blessed Virgin, the glorious destroyer of all heresies."

The Battle of Muret.

Count Raymund of Toulouse, the leader of the Albigenses, was among the smallest and meanest of the small and mean tyrants of the Middle Ages. His perjured banners sheltered hordes of lawless men, hired and fighting for pay and plunder. The words of Innocent III. fully bear out the vile character of Raymund and his followers:—"Suffer not the Church to perish," he wrote to the kings of England and France, "in this unhappy country, but come to her assistance and combat valiantly against these heretics, who are worse than Saracens."

At the head of the Catholics was Count Simon de Montfort, father of the De Montfort who founded the English House of Commons. He was in all respects the opposite of Raymund. He was a brave man, truthful and religious, a worthy leader in the true cause, a fit heir to the chivalry which rescued the Holy Sepulchre. Under these two leaders the war rolled on with varying

success, till the battle of Muret placed on De Montfort's brow the coronet of victory in 1213.

Beleagured in the town of Muret, De Montfort, with only 800 horse, suddenly, by an extraordinary inspiration, threw himself upon the foe, 40,000 strong, and at one impetuous charge, scattered them like chaff before the wind, losing only eight men. The king of Aragon, Raymund's ally and kinsman, was slain, and the enemy wasted away like the hosts of Sennacherib. No wonder that this victory was considered to be nothing less than a miracle. De Montfort attributed the result to the prayers of the Rosary, and out of gratitude he built the first chapel in its honour at Muret.

It is pleasant and significant to remember the friendship of Dominic when we think of the influence of De Montfort's family in English history. The younger Simon may well have derived the principles of constitutional liberty, for which he fought and died at Evesham, from the broad and free mind of Dominic, in whose legislation they are so conspicuous.

The Order of Friar Preachers.

Dominic was in his forty-sixth year. He had with him six companions. A citizen of Toulouse, Peter Cellani, gave himself and his house to the little company. "From the time they first resided at Toulouse," says Malvenda, "the Blessed Dominic and his companions began to conform themselves to religious rule, and to perfect themselves more and more in humility." They all adopted the habit of the Canons Regular. Fulk, Bishop of Toulouse, and De Montfort gave substantial gifts of lands and revenues to Dominic's design.

In 1215, for the second time, he was in Rome. The Lateran Council was in session, and he attended as the consultor to the Bishop of Toulouse. He submitted the plan of his Order to Pope Innocent III., who approved of it on condition that it should be based on one of the older Rules.

The memorable and touching meeting between Dominic and St. Francis of Assisi took place at this time. Falling on the neck of the Seraphic Patriarch, Dominic exclaimed, "Let us keep together, and no one shall prevail against us." Their kiss has joined the Dominican and Franciscan Orders in fraternal love ever since.

Dominic returned to Toulouse, and together with his brethren, chose the Rule of St. Augustine, the oldest in the Western Church, upon which to found the Order, as the Pope desired. The title of Friar Preacher, so exactly expressive of the new design, was conferred by Innocent III. himself, in a letter from Rome, and Dominic at once adopted it.

On the way to Rome for the third time, the news reached him that Innocent III. was dead. This was indeed a severe blow to his hopes. He journeyed on to find Honorius III. filling the Chair of St. Peter. The new Pope at once took up the plan of the Order, bequeathed to him by Innocent, and gave it his formal approbation in two Bulls, the second of which is a summary of the first, and runs as follows:—

HONORIUS, Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God, to our dear son Dominic, Prior of St. Romain, at Toulouse, and to your brethren, who have made or shall make profession of regular life, health and the apostolic benediction. We, considering that the brethren of your Order will be the champions of the Faith, and true lights of the world, do confirm the Order in all its lands and possessions, present and to come; and we take the Order itself, with all its goods and rights, under our protection and government. Given at Santa Sabina, Rome, the first year of our Pontificate.

HONORIUS.

As if in ratification of the decree given by Christ's Vicar on earth, Dominic received a vision of heavenly strength and consolation. One night as he was praying in the Vatican Basilica, St. Peter and St. Paul appeared

to him, the former giving him a staff, and the latter a book, with the words, "Go and preach, for to this ministry thou art called." As the vision faded from his gaze, he seemed to behold his brethren going forth, two and two, preaching the word to all nations. It is added by some writers that the Holy Ghost rested on his head in the form of a fiery tongue, that he was confirmed in grace, and freed from many temptations. From that time he carried a staff, with the Book of the Gospels and St. Paul's Epistles.

Thus fully authorized and equipped for his great and world-wide mission, he turned again towards Toulouse. Before leaving Rome, he made his formal profession, as the first Friar Preacher, in the hands of Pope Honorius.

Dominic had been styled during former years Prior of Prouille. The title was replaced by that of Prior of St. Romain, when Fulk gave him the church of that name at Toulouse.

The little company had not been idle in their Father's absence. A complete observance had been set up, and their number had grown from six to sixteen. They were sheltered by a lowly cloister adjoining the church of St. Romain.

It was in May, 1217, that Dominic promulgated to them the Bull of Confirmation. "Our Order is known to have been instituted from the beginning, for preaching and the salvation of souls."

These words from the Dominican Constitutions express the master-thought of Dominic. From this he never swerved. The perfection of the Christian Priesthood was the means he sought to that end, and with nothing less would he be satisfied. That perfection he found clearly in the life and in the words of our Divine Lord. Without doubt he wished to transcribe his Rule from the Gospel. There he found the Divine words, "Do not possess gold nor silver, nor money in your purses. Carry neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes, and salute no man by the way." The union of the Priesthood with the life of the Counsels was no new thing.

Grave theologians think that the Apostles took vows of religion. (St. Thomas 2-2 88. 4. ad 3.)

Dominic adopted a further element of free service. Permission is not required to feed the hungry, to give drink to the thirsty. Neither is it wanted to instruct the ignorant, to counsel the doubtful, to comfort the sorrowful. These works of mercy are open to all. The Order of Friar Preachers was an Order of authorized and commissioned Preachers. It was also an Order of Brothers, doing a lay work and near to the people, in fact, inseparably connected with their daily hopes, fears, and joys.

The religious life came from the lips of Christ, and stands by His authority. The way of the Counsels is open to the soul as the path of its highest liberty. No man's leave need be asked to follow Christ.

St. Stephen Harding, Founder of the Cistercian Order, had in 1166 introduced the General Chapter as an executive and moderating power in the old rules binding under sin. Dominic gave the General Chapter legislative powers. He added that the Rule should not bind under sin, except in the essential vows. In these two points he innovated on the prevalent monastic system. Subsequent Orders have copied these two principles. In many ways, chiefly when common property was introduced, has the Order tested and proved the wisdom which devised its mode of government.

St. Dominic is the Patriarch of the active Orders. The barbarians who trampled on the stones of Rome, the Saxons, the Celts, the Franks, were won to Christ by monks given by rule to solitude and silence. A systematic course of sustained action was now demanded. The following passage from the *Life of St. Richard of Chichester* draws out the old and the new mode in their relation and contrast:—"Farming in all its branches was the order of the day among the Cistercians; if they quitted the Abbey gates, it was on horseback on their way to some grange belonging to the monastery; there were granaries and stables in plenty, for the monks

lived on the produce of their farms. But among the Black Friars, those who issued from the house, went forth on foot to preach in the open air, at the foot of a cross, in some lonely outlying parish, or else in the cathedral of some town which contained a university. Some even might be seen taking their departure for distant lands to preach the Gospel to the Saracen or the Tartar. . . . Instead of the hoe, the plough, and the reaping hook, the tools of the Dominican were the pen, the ink-horn, and the copy-book, the book of the Sentences (later the *Summa*), and the Bible. In the school of the Novices were going on Latin Grammar and Logic, and the sound of disputations might be heard in the cloister. This was all very unlike the houses of St. Bernard. But the spiritual and inward life of the two Orders was the same. There was the same love for meditation in both Orders. At every turn of his busy life, whether trudging along the road in his vocation as preacher, or walking in his black mantle in the convent garden; whether on his knees in the church of his house at home, or in some distant land with Turks and heathen about him, the Friar was to be ever meditating on the great mysteries of the Faith."

One peculiar feature stands out in Dominic's Rule—that of dispensation. It occupies a singular position, and, properly understood, may be called truly the crown and master-piece of his legislation. This principle has, in a great degree, enabled the Order to bend itself to needs, and to preserve its unity. It is not a legislative, but an executive, discretion. It combines in one law and fact, and makes the Rule a life. It is also a perfect instrument of the ascetic spirit, entailing a surrender at all times of small views and low aims. It is dispensation indeed, and not Rule. But in that light, Dominic insisted on it, and the Order has ever formally retained it.

On the Feast of the Assumption, 1217, the brethren all made their profession in the hands of Dominic. Two were to remain at Prouille, and two at Toulouse. Seven were sent to Paris, and four to Spain. Dominic

himself, with one companion, set out to reside in Rome.

The surprise and remonstrance which, we are told, arose from this sudden dispersion, had a plain cause. It was not, as some suppose, the youth or ignorance of his brethren. Five out of his sixteen companions had been priests for several years. Four others were men of worldly experience, probably also priests then. Some of these, like the Founder, must have been ripe and learned men in the fullest sense of the term. Further, many of them had long enjoyed his own personal guidance. Few founders indeed had started with so rich a store of trained disciples. The surprise came from a deeper source, and was natural and just from many points of view. Dominic had restored Languedoc, and yet here he was at the very turn and restitution of affairs, leaving the country. He had raised his Order in the Province; it had grown out of the special circumstances of the land. At the moment his work began, it was torn from its parent soil, and Languedoc was again left exposed to the foe. De Montfort and Fulk saw the danger. For he was not only encouraging his enemies; he was alienating his friends.

No event in Dominic's life more displays his deep sagacity than this dispersion. Events proved his foresight. He had by his long labours drawn out all the good there was in Languedoc, and it hardly made more than an equipoise against heresy. The country was exhausted; the deep evil required a deeper remedy. He saw that the Catholic fabric of success was slight. When, soon after, De Montfort died, the war was rekindled, the heretics discovered his far-seeing wisdom. They found themselves confronted by no local foe, but outflanked by a universal opposition. Peace was restored when the sovereignty of Toulouse was merged in that of the French Crown on the head of St. Louis.

Dominic left Languedoc. What had been his work there? Briefly, he had saved the West of Europe from becoming stamped after the image of the East.

In his day, the fifth Crusade was inaugurated under

Innocent III. It was followed by the sixth, under Honorius III. Both were half-hearted expeditions. Then ensued a strange compromise and friendship between the Christians and the Saracens. The Emperor Fredrick II., who led the sixth Crusade, tried to cement this fatal peace into an alliance. He spoke of his "friend the Sultan." He wished to plant Mahometanism in Europe, but he found it had no root: the root had been cut off by St. Dominic. St. Pius V. completed his work, when the Turkish wrecks were scattered upon the waves of Lepanto.

By reason therefore of the evil which he had prevented, Dominic deserves, in the words of Balmez, that a statue should be erected to his memory, as to one who had, at least, deserved well of civilization. When, three centuries later, the stroke of the Reformation fell upon Europe, through his action it shaped events, not after its parent "the spectral East," but in the modified form of heresy and schism.

Journeys of St. Dominic.

Dominic left for Rome in October, 1217. His journeys, as an essential part of his apostolate, deserve a description. Four times he had crossed the Alps. Yet little is recorded of his wayfaring trials. He went along with the heart of an Apostle, with a single eye to those multitudinous souls "sitting by the wayside begging," who had perhaps small chance of instruction except what they might obtain from passing preachers such as he. He made his apostolic journeys serve apostolic needs. Not only the beginning and the end, but the progress of his journey yielded fruit. "With all his strength," says Blessed Jordan, "and with ardent zeal he sought to win souls to Christ without any exception, and as many as he could, and this zeal was marvellously, and in a way not to be expressed, rooted in his very heart." He thought of the faithful, his heart was with the heathen in the furthest seas, he angled for the capture of heretics, and he did not forget the crowd

of outlying souls who were, in a special sense, the object of the mendicant and missionary Brother. "He preached," we are told, "by night and by day, in houses, in the fields, and by the roadside." "He was most assiduous in preaching," says an early disciple, "and his words were so touching that he often incited himself and hearers to tears, nor did I ever hear any man with such power to touch the heart with compunction."

The light in which he regarded these journeys is shown by his strict rule of life. "The Blessed Dominic," says the chronicler, "the firm guardian of observance, did not remit anything of the monastic life during his frequent apostolic journeys. He said Mass daily if possible, and in the middle of Mass preached a sermon. He recited the Office by day and night at the proper hours, and kept the silence according to rule, and sending his companions apart, he nourished his soul with pious meditations on Christ our Lord. He slept on straw, and oftener on the bare ground; the fasts of the Order he never broke either through fatigue or illness; he sought hospitality wherever it might be hardest, and often fed his hosts, who were heretics, with the Word of the Spirit as he was fed in the flesh." His glowing thoughts found ready utterance:—"Filled with the sacred fire of charity," says Theodoric, "he went about preaching everywhere the Word of God; visiting the poor, consoling the afflicted, and healing the sick. The tenderness of his heart made him all charity to his neighbour, all compassion for the unfortunate. Everything had the power of touching his heart, but it was, above all, the sins of men which consumed him with grief and pity. So that when he approached any town or village, and beheld it from afar, he would melt into tears as he thought of the misery of its inhabitants." Blessed Jordan says, "one of his maxims was, that we should give the day to our neighbour, and the night to God. By day no one was more accessible and cheerful to his brethren, by night no one more watchful in prayer." In short, to quote the words of St. Catherine of Siena: "He took on him the Office of the Word, the

only begotten Son of God, and appeared in the world as an apostle, scattering the darkness of error and giving light."

Personal Appearance.

An ancient tradition, cherished in the Order, has preserved the idea that in visage St. Dominic resembled our Lord. These words of Sister Cecilia have therefore all the deeper interest:—"He was about the middle height and slightly made: his face beautiful and somewhat ruddy, his hair and beard fair, and his eyes very fine. From his forehead and between his brows there shone a light, which drew forth reverence and love from the beholders. He was ever joyous and cheerful, except when stirred to pity by the affliction of others, His hands were long and beautiful, and his voice was clear noble, and melodious. He was never bald, and he always preserved his religious tonsure perfect, mingled with a few gray hairs." "His forehead," relates another, "was broad and majestic, and his eyes had a singular beauty of expression and kindness in them." The charm of his manner agreed with this gracious aspect. He had indeed no sympathy with a morose face and a harsh rule. He was, among the Saints, the illustrious exponent of the Divine words, "When you fast be not as the hypocrites, sad" (St. Matt. vi.). As an index of his bearing to others, these words from the Constitutions of the Order are in point: "Excessive austerity in counsels and opinions impedes the salvation of souls, for men are terrified thereby to such a degree that they neglect their salvation. Wherefore as far as possible, severity and austerity in counsels should be relaxed, and men are to be treated with benignity, and we must try in those things which are not reprehensible to make ourselves agreeable to men, and to deal with them kindly and pleasantly."

The charity of this great apostle was founded in humility. "Never did I see a man so humble," says a witness. He was a brother to his brethren. He often

exclaimed, "O Lord have mercy; what will become of sinners?" He said to his disciples, "If you have not your own sins to weep over, think of the multitude of unhappy souls who need mercy, over whom our Lord Jesus Christ wept, and of whom the Prophet David said, 'I have beheld sinners, and I have withered away with sorrow.'" From this zeal and lowliness of heart came a singular gift of consolation. "He was," says one, "the sovereign consoler of his brethren."

Dominic passed through the world like a stream of light. The gift of illumination was pre-eminently his. It is difficult to measure now his influence upon those who knew and saw him. From all accounts, they looked up to him as an extraordinary personage, and their language seems unequal to pass on the impression they received. Wherever he went, the intellect seemed to be reconciled to Christian truth, and men took up willingly the hardest tasks. "Penance is a pleasure when preached by Master Dominic," was a saying current in his great Languedoc days. This gift of persuasion was transfigured throughout, by that "serene wisdom," that childlike innocence, that sweet and unearthly spirit which, at its best, has made a place to itself of unrivalled beauty in Dominic's life and works, and in the annals of his Order.

St. Sixtus.

Dominic with his companion, Stephen of Metz, entered Rome in 1218, and, at the Pope's desire, took possession of the Church of St. Sixtus. Here the Order in his person settled in its centre, and at once began to expand. In three months he had given the habit to more than a hundred novices.

Dominic was known to the Pope and to the Papal Court, and to some degree among the people. His fame, his great works, his sanctity preceded him. His greatest miracles were wrought now, and confirmed the popular veneration. He raised to life three dead persons. One was a little child restored to its mother,

and another was a workman killed by falling from a ladder. The third and most famous of all his miracles, was the raising of the young man Napoleon, who was thrown from horseback and killed on the spot. The mangled body was laid before the Blessed Father in the Chapter Room, as he sat in conference with some of the Cardinals, one of whom was the uncle of the young man. Saying no word, Dominic prepared at once to celebrate Mass. At the Elevation, he was raised above the ground in ecstasy. When the Holy Sacrifice was over, clad in the sacred vestments, he approached the dead body and cried out, "Young man Napoleon, in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ, I say to thee, arise." The limbs, to the wonder of all, moved, and the spirit returned to the fleshly frame. It is needless to say that the veneration of the city towards the holy patriarch was confirmed by these incomparable prodigies. The only effect upon himself was that his own life became more austere. "After the confirmation of his Order," says the chronicler, "he passed nights almost sleepless in the church; and at one time kneeling, then wholly prostrate on the ground he prayed; and if a drowsiness came over his tired limbs, either leaning on the altar standing, or on a hard stone reclining, he rested awhile. Every night he disciplined himself to blood with an iron chain. His gift of tears was copious, especially when saying Mass. He rejoiced in nothing so much as in his own contempt; and ever preserved perfect purity of body and soul."

The following description of Dominic as a religious Superior applies to this period:—"The Blessed Dominic ruled his Order with so much prudence and love that it was difficult which the more to admire, his care for religious observance or his practice of meekness and kindness. Zeal for justice raised him against vice, yet in such a manner as to unite him to the offender by the tie of benignity and love. He overlooked faults in a brother, till he saw him prepared to receive correction in peace and humility, lest the spirit should be bruised by inopportune reproof. Daily, if possible, he gave an

instruction to the brethren on religious discipline. The sorrows and trials of others drew from him so sweet a sympathy that he soothed every sadness by so great affection."

In time, increasing numbers suggested other foundations. The first chosen was Bologna, a great legal and university centre. The beloved Bertrand was made the first superior there.

Meanwhile Rome was filled with the name and veneration of Dominic. The people "followed him wherever he went, as though he were an angel, cutting off pieces of his habit to keep as relics."

Santa Sabina.

It was a happy coincidence that the Pope's Bull of Confirmation should have been dated from Santa Sabina, a name inseparably linked with that of Dominic.*

St. Sixtus was, after a while, given up to nuns, who took the Rule established at Proville. Dominic with his brethren moved to Santa Sabina on the Aventine. An old church stood there, adjoining to which was the Pontifical Palace.

The position which Dominic occupied in so close a relation to the Pontifical Court is not easy to understand. At all events he was in the very centre of activity and observation. He soon made his influence felt in that cause always near his heart. To provide for the occupation of the Cardinals' domestics, idly tarrying in the Papal ante-chambers, he began a lectureship in St. Paul's Epistles. This grew into a permanent office, the holder of which is called the Master of the Sacred Palace, always a Dominican.

* St. Sabina was a rich widow lady of high birth in Umbria. She had a Christian servant named Seraphia, a Syrian, whose virtue touched her heart and led her to the Faith, and whose name became illustrious as a martyr. Sabina also was martyred in Rome under Adrian. Her feast is on August 29th. The church on the Aventine was dedicated in honour of both saints, but at present bears the name of St. Sabina.

Dominic also taught in the public schools, and both students and prelates listened to him and gave him the title of "Master." It is conjectured that from this office the University of Rome took its rise. He preached often, especially in St. Peter's.

The date when the Popes left the Aventine is unknown. Meanwhile, Dominic had free scope in the consolidation of his Order. His chief energies were given to the brethren, who in the autumn of his life fell upon his path with the plentifulness of autumn leaves, but not with their decay. No, the seeds sown in Languedoc, along the highways of France and Italy, that had lain long in the cold earth scourged by the rains and storms of sharp seasons, now blossomed forth in hues of manifold beauty. But his heart was, as ever, fixed on God. His thoughts were in the courts of the blessed, now that he was exalted, even as when he was "the reproach of the rich and the contempt of the proud."

The Aventine Hill retains one memory, that of Dominic. His footprints are yet distinct there, covered as they are with the dust of well-nigh seven centuries. In the garden flourishes the orange tree planted by his own hand. The Chapter-room remains, wherein he gave the habit to St. Hyacinth, the Apostle of the North, and to his brother, Blessed Ceslas.

The rapid growth of the Order was marked by a memorable change in the habit. Through a vision of Our Blessed Lady, granted to the Blessed Reginald, the white scapular was substituted for the Canon Regulars' linen rochet.

The foundation of the Third Order took place about this time; Dominic established it as a military society for the defence of Catholic interests, and named it the *Militia of Jesus Christ*. It was thus sanctioned by Honorius III. The members wore a white tunic and a black mantle, on which was displayed the Cross of the Order.* After the Saint's death, Gregory IX. changed

* The heraldic Cross of the order is thus blazoned :—Gyronny of eight argent and sable, a cross patonce between four mullets of six points all counterchanged.

its name to *Order of Penance of St. Dominic*, and with time the military duties were dropped. St. Catherine of Siena, St. Catherine of Ricci, St. Rose of Lima, are the three canonized Saints of the Third Order.

Many legends, both of angels and demons, cluster round Dominic at Santa Sabina. The attacks of the great enemy of souls are futile and frivolous, and often ridiculous. They are like the spent stones of a defeated foe. On the other hand, the intervention and help of friendly Angels were never more lovingly displayed.

"It was the constant habit of the venerable Father," says a biographer, "to spend the whole day in winning souls by continual preaching, or by hearing confessions, or in other works of charity." The Founder and Master-General of the Order did not excuse himself from preaching. By such active works as these did he write his Rule upon his living flesh, before it appeared on paper. A written Rule is not a help but a hindrance, if it be written too soon. Dominic believed in life first, in codes second. With a tact truly spiritual did he build up and set stone on stone in that edifice which he desired above all to be a living organization. His apostolic journeys were not relaxed. He frequently made excursions in aid of souls, preaching with ever-quickenning zeal.

In 1218 he set out on his last long journey. He visited Toulouse once more. Then he crossed to Spain, which he had not seen since leaving it with Diego. There he spent several months, and made foundations at Segovia, Madrid, and Sargossa. He is traced at Palencia by words in the will of Antony Sers, who leaves a bequest to the Rosary Confraternity "founded by the good Dominic Guzman." He then recrossed the Pyrenees and visited Paris, founding six houses from that city. Thence he returned to Italy, and took up his residence at Bologna.

Bologna.

Reginald was sent to Paris, and Dominic assumed the government of the Convent at Bologna. "He found at the Convent of St. Nicholas," says Blessed Jordan, "a large community of brethren, who were being carefully trained under the discipline of Reginald. They all received him with joy, and shewed him reverence as their Father, and he, living with them, formed the yet young and tender family by his teaching and example."

A General Chapter was now arranged. In view of the event, the Pope conferred on Dominic the formal title of Master-General. The Chapter was convened at Bologna, on the Feast of Pentecost, 1220.

Dominic offered the resignation of his office at the Chapter. His zeal for souls grew with age, and he desired to be free, so that he might preach to the Tartars. The Fathers, however, would not consent to his abdication. Thus confirmed in authority, he gave only a still more perfect example. "Placed over the brethren as Master," says Theodoric, "he was noted only for a deeper humility and a more exact austerity." To others he never failed to make the Rule sweet. "Never," we are told, "did Blessed Dominic cause bitterness in any brother's heart; he never irritated them by word or deed; for indeed, nothing bitter could flow from such a spring of charity. His heart was so large towards others, that he looked to their bodily wants with the utmost tenderness; not only giving the frugal fare by Rule, but often better food lest the young should be discouraged, or the older yield to infirmity. Thus condescending to all, even in correcting his severity was mingled with compassion. When he laughed, as he did sometimes, his laughter came from the same spirit of sweetness and simplicity. For he was, above all things, true and simple; and to such a character, laughter is not unsuitable. All therefore rejoiced at his presence, and his delightful conversation

made all privations supportable, and every hardship sweet."

In December, 1220, he was seen in Rome, for the last time. Then he bade farewell to Santa Sabina. His memory is there perpetually, and every corner of the Aventine breathes forth the perfume of his name. His well remembered cell is now a chapel, and in it is the following inscription:—*Attende advena, hic olim sanctissimi viri Dominicus, Franciscus, et Angelus Carmelita in divinis colloquiis vigiles pernoctarunt.* (Hearken, stranger! on this spot it was that of yore the most holy men Dominic, Francis, and Angelus the Carmelite, spent the night in celestial colloquy.)

Dominic returned to Bologna for the second General Chapter in 1221, when the Order was divided into eight provinces, Spain, France, Provence, Lombardy, Rome, Germany, Hungary, and England. There were at that time sixty convents.

A remarkable distinction was conferred on Dominic after the Chapter by the city of Bologna. The magistrates formally presented him with the freedom of the city, to descend to his successors. The official document declares that the motives for the act are the Saint's learning, his great actions, his position as Founder of the Order, and his noble birth. This political esteem, as it may be styled, was shared by the brethren at that period in other places. "Many of these cities," says the chronicler, "deliver their statutes to the friars, to be changed and amended as they think good."*

About this time, Dominic received a novice who became famous as St. Peter Martyr, who died for the Faith, writing *Credo* with his ebbing blood. Wonderful to say, his assassin, Carino de Balsamo, was converted, entered the Order, and died forty years later, after a life of rigid penance, which earned for him the title of *il beato*.

* It is worthy of notice that Mr. Ruskin, in his *Stones of Venice*, dates the decline of Venice from the time the clergy lost political power.

Dominic did not fail to infuse his apostolic spirit into his brethren. "The first brethren of the Order," says the chronicler, "journeyed on the roads, scattering the seed of the Divine word. Every member seemed changed into a tongue, for everything about them preached penance and holiness."

The Saint's Death.

The Chapter over, Dominic visited the North of Italy, preaching. The shadow, or rather the halo of death was on his brow. His vigorous frame had bent under illness the previous year, and signs of the end were not wanting. Yet few if any of his brethren and friends realized that he was parting with them, that the wonderful life of incessant activity and austerity, was soon to close. "Having reached to perfect sanctity," says Theodoric, "our Blessed Father St. Dominic received the gift of prophecy from our Lord, who made known to him the hour of death. As he prayed one night, consumed with the desire of appearing before God, he saw a beautiful youth who said, "Come my beloved, and enter into joy." Before leaving Bologna, he had said to some friends, "You see me now in health, dear friends; know that before the Feast of the Assumption, I shall have left this world and be with God."

Attacked by fever he returned to Bologna, preaching all the way from Venice, the last words uttered by his apostolic voice. On arrival, he attended Matins, and then succumbed to the violence of the malady. "He consoled and exhorted the brethren," says Ventura, "with sweet words and a smile; and all the time he was ill, he never complained nor did he utter a groan, but was cheerful and joyous." At his own request, he was laid on a piece of sackcloth stretched along the ground. Having received the last Sacraments he said to those around him: "Dearest brethren, by the singular gift of God, perfect virginity has been preserved to me up to this hour: which, if you also guard it

jealously, you will wonderfully prevail among the people by purity of life and the odour of a good name." Then he continued:—"Go on fervently in the service of our Lord, and extend the Order now only beginning. To serve God you know is to reign, but we must serve Him with our whole heart. Be firm in a good life, be faithful to the Rule, and grow in virtue. Behold, my sons, what I give you as a heritage; have charity, guard humility, and find your treasure in voluntary poverty." A short time he was silent, and it is believed, that in those moments our Lady appeared to him, and promised her perpetual protection to his Order. Ventura, his confessor said to him:—"Dear Father, you leave us desolate and afflicted; remember us before God." The Saint raised his failing hands and eyes and said:—"Holy Father, as by Thy mercy I have always done Thy Will, and have kept those Thou didst give me, I commend them now to Thee. Keep them, preserve them." Then fixing on them his last loving glance, he uttered the memorable promise, never forgotten:—"Do not weep, my children; I shall be of more help to you where I am going, than I have been in this life."

The cloud of death crept over that starry brow. It was noon, 6th August, 1221. He was fifty years of age. Suddenly and simply ended his career on earth.

The blow of so great a loss seemed at first to stun the brethren. They stood for a long time silent, weeping. "They had reason to mourn," says Castiglio, "at the loss of their father, pastor, and friend, given them by God. He had been their refuge in trouble, their resource, ready ever to console, with words of counsel or compassion, those who had left all things for the love of God."

Cardinal Ugolino, the Saint's constant friend, came from Venice to conduct the obsequies, in presence of many Bishops and Prelates, and a great multitude of people.

Albert, Prior of the Carmelites, came forward in tears to embrace the body of his friend. As he turned away, his face shone with joy. "Dear Father," he said to the

Prior of St. Nicholas, "rejoice with me. The Blessed Father has told me that we shall be re-united soon." And the event proved the words, for he died the same year. Dominic's first tomb was built of strong substance in the Church of St. Nicholas, "and there," says the chronicler, "was laid to rest this treasure more precious than gold, purer than silver, and nobler than all imaginable jewels."

Supernatural signs were not wanting of the Saint's beatitude. A cleric of Bologna, in a dream, saw the Blessed Father on a throne gloriously crowned, and said. "Are not you Brother Dominic lately dead?" "My son," replied the Saint, "I am not dead, for I have a good Master with whom I live." A brother of Santa Sabina seemed to see the road stretching from Bologna, and along it was walking Dominic between two men of venerable aspect, and he was crowned with a golden coronet and was dazzling with light. A sweet perfume emanated from the tomb. Miracles speedily occurred. Soon his place of burial was covered with grateful offerings.

The body was translated to a more fitting shrine under Blessed Jordan. Cardinal Ugolino was then Pope, by the title of Gregory IX. Not being able to attend the translation, he deputed the Archbishop of Ravenna in his place. Three hundred of the brethern assisted at the ceremony.

St. Dominic was canonized by Gregory IX. on the 13th July, 1234, at Rieti. With what feelings of veneration, added to a friend's joy, the Pope performed the act, so fittingly reserved for him, may be gathered from his words to the Cardinals: "I have no more doubt of the sanctity of this man, than I have of that of St. Peter and St. Paul."

The body was again translated to a richer tomb in 1267. The present marble shrine was erected in 1469, by Nicholas Pisano, and is justly praised as the sculptor's masterpiece. "As you behold this tomb," says Père Lacordaire, "you feel that the artist was divinely guided to express the sanctity of him whose dust it covers."

St. Dominic left some writings, but they have perished. They comprised a Commentary on St. Paul and St. Matthew, a treatise on the Rosary and on the Holy Eucharist. His book tried by fire at Fanjeaux, is said to have been a treatise on the "Flesh of Christ," and to have contained a luminous defence of the Immaculate Conception of our Lady, founded on the argument, "As the first Adam was made of virgin earth which had never been cursed, so was it fitting that the second Adam should be made in like manner."

The Order in England.

The Province of England was erected at the second General Chapter, 1221. Gilbert de Fresnoy, with twelve companions, founded the first house at Oxford, on a site occupied by the present gasworks, near the river. The church was dedicated to St. Nicholas, no doubt in memory of Bologna. The buildings in time occupied three acres of land. Among the famous men connected with this first English Priory were Robert Bacon, Bromyard, Claypole, Holcot, Fishacre, Kilwarby, Cardinal and Archbishop of Canterbury, Trivet, the historian. Walter Malclerk, Bishop of Carlisle and Lord High Treasurer, abandoned his dignities and joined the Order, an example followed by other Prelates. Simon de Bouil, Prior, was Chancellor of the University in 1238, In eighteen years there were fifteen houses in England; in 1277 there were forty. There was one Convent of Nuns at Dartford, engaged in teaching. At the dissolution, there were fifty-two houses, the greater number founded by kings or the nobility. Among the English Saints, St. Richard of Chichester is thought by some to have belonged to the Order—at least he was joined to it in heart and spirit, as the following passage proves, from an ancient life by Friar Ralph:—"O Richard, servant of Christ, think upon the condition of life to which, in earlier days, thou didst propose to bind thyself by vow; and though God ordered it otherwise, and thou couldst not accomplish thy wish, yet rejoice

now, for thou hast obtained grace virtually to fulfil thine intention. Dost thou ask what life I mean? I answer the life of a preaching Friar."

Among the literary remains of the old English Dominicans, may be mentioned the famous "Ancren Riwele."

The Province, ruined and dispersed, in the sixteenth century, was restored in the seventeenth century by Cardinal Howard, who died in 1690.

The Mission of the Order.

Thirteen canonized Saints adorn the Order of Preachers:—St. Hyacinth, St. Peter Martyr, St. Raymond, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Antoninus, St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Lewis Bertrand, St. Pius V., St. John of Gorcum, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Agnes, St. Catherine of Ricci, St. Rose of Lima. Among the innumerable Blessed may be named Blessed Reginald, Blessed Albert the Great, Blessed Henry Suso.

The first and one of the greatest works in the Order's public mission was the foundation of the Scholastic Philosophy and Theology. St. Thomas was the instrument of this vast enterprise. In the words of Cardinal Newman, "It was the magnificent aim of the children of St. Dominic to form the whole matter of human knowledge into one harmonious system, to secure the alliance between religion and philosophy, and to train men to the use of the gifts of nature in the sunlight of divine grace and revealed truth." It was the mission of Fra Angelico, the Dominican artist, to carry the purest lines of truth into manifestation before the eye.

These significations of its high and spiritual mind render just the title of the Friar Preachers to be the Order of Christian Genius. Its culture was moulded in that ancient profound form based on theology, which a Protestant author has noticed to have produced its refining effect in the best times of Constantinople.*

* "When the Christian Religion became universal, it gradually directed the whole attention of the educated to theological ques-

The Dominican Order is, in history, the great University Order. Its method of teaching stands out in contrast to the old monastic schools, which in some respects were simply nurseries, and in contrast also to the modern single College. It created or animated those institutions which dot mediæval Europe like gems of splendour.

No Order, formally as such, has been so closely identified with the government of the Church. This fact is in itself ample testimony to the wisdom, moderation, and equity of the Dominican character.

The missionary zeal of the Order is proved by the astonishing yet well-attested fact that in the first century of its existence its martyrs numbered over 12,000.

The Order has given four Popes to the Church: Innocent IV., Blessed Benedict XI., St. Pius V., Benedict XIII.

From the record of his life, even the cursory reader will gather the impression that St. Dominic was a man of conspicuous and eminent talent. He was probably one of the greatest orators that ever lived. The gifts of a lawgiver and of a statesman were also displayed to a high degree in the rise and organization of his Order.

St. Dominic is one of the celebrated figures in the story of the world. He is one of the great Saints in the Church of God. His life is a spiritual and intellectual landmark dividing ages.

Let us end these pages with the beautiful anthem of the church, sung daily in Dominican churches throughout the world :

“O Light of the Church, Doctor of Truth, Rose of Patience, Ivory of Chastity, thou didst give the water of wisdom freely: Preacher of grace, join us to the Blessed.”

tions. These studies certainly exercised a favourable influence on the general morality of mankind, and the tone of society was characterized by a purity of manners and a degree of charitable feeling which have probably never been surpassed.” Quoted by Fr. Faber.



Théophane Vénard,

Martyr in Tonquin.

(1829 1861.)

BY LADY HERBERT.

JOHN THÉOPHANE VÉNARD was born at St. Loup, in the diocese of Poitiers, on the 21st of November, 1829. His father was the village schoolmaster, and his mother a gentle, pious woman, devoted to her husband and children, and to the care of her home. When Théophane was only nine years old, his greatest delight was to pasture his father's flocks on the hill-side, and there read some of the books which the village pastor had lent him. One day he was reading out loud to his sister the life of the Venerable Charles Cornay, who had lately been martyred in China, and suddenly exclaimed: "When I am big enough, I too will go to Tonquin, and I too will be a martyr." Soon after, he was sent to the College of Doué, in the diocese of Anger, where he became a model to all the students, not only from his diligence in study, but from his sweetness of temper, his gaiety during recreation, and the way he bore all ill-nature and contradictions; so that if any were disposed to tease or bully him, they soon gave it up. Then came the day of his First Com-

munion, for which he prepared himself with the utmost anxiety and care. From that hour began his great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and he would often steal away from his games during recreation, to pay a visit to our Lord in the Tabernacle.

A great sorrow came upon him in 1844 from the death of his mother, though he had the consolation soon after of a vision of her happiness, which he communicated to his favourite sister some years later. This sister, Mélanie, was the one person with whom Théophane shared every thought, and their correspondence only ceased with his death. His letters to her are models of loving thoughtfulness and extreme delicacy of feeling; and a great number of them are inserted in his "Life," published by Burns and Oates, from which this sketch is taken.

Here is a specimen: "I must send you a few lines, my dearest sister, for there is not a day, nor scarcely an hour when I do not think of you who are so very dear to me. I know you are thinking of me, and I daresay you will be saying: 'O, my poor old brother will be so cold this winter; and here I am, enjoying a good fire!' Be comforted: though I have suffered from the cold, as you know I always do, yet I have had some fun out of it too, for we have had famous skating, and now the weather is milder, and I am thawing, and pouring out some of my thoughts to my second self."

Théophane remained six years at the College at Doué, and in 1847, left it to enter what was called "Le Petit Séminaire," at Montmorillon. There he was supremely happy. "*Cor unum et anima una*, is the motto of the congregation," he writes to his sister: "such words can only come from God Himself. Is not that the link which unites all Christians to each other? Is not this the feeling which creates the missionary, the priest, the Christian Brother, the Sister of Charity?" There was nothing sad or gloomy in his religion. On the contrary, he was always cheerful and merry; at Montmorillon his gaiety became proverbial, and the little feasts of which he was the presiding genius, are still remembered in the Seminary.

Théophane was eighteen when he was moved from the Petit to the Grand Séminaire; but he was allowed to go home first, to his great joy; still his longing "to spend and be spent," for others was his strongest feeling. He writes: "Whatever future course be proposed to me, I come back to that—to *be a priest*. No other career has the least attraction for me. Yes, one day I shall be the soldier of Jesus Christ, and fight under the banner of the Church, and the day will soon dawn for the fulfilment of that wish: a week or two among my own people, and then to my cell and my vocation for evermore."

His life in the Great Seminary was spent in earnest preparation for his noble career. With a clear and subtle intellect, and abilities very much above the common, he at once distinguished himself among his companions: but none of these qualities made him lose sight of the great virtue of humility, which he cultivated assiduously, so as always to try and escape notice. His charity was equally remarkable, and he was careful not only to refrain from any unkind act or word, but to deny himself all those little sharp and amusing repartees which his wit and sense of fun made often very tempting to him; so fearful was he of hurting any one's feelings. Now and then his vocation for the foreign missions peeped out in his letters to his sister, when speaking with enthusiasm of those among the Seminarists who had already received the call: but as yet his family had no idea of such a thing, and had made many plans for settling him in a curacy near his old home. At the Trinity Ordination of 1850, he received minor orders: when the vacation again came round, he took the opportunity to open his heart more entirely to his sister, because he knew that her faith would triumph over all human considerations, and help him to overcome the shrinkings of his loving heart as he thought over a separation which he felt would be final.

When the time came for him to receive the subdiaconate, he wrote a most touching and beautiful letter

to his father, imploring both for his presence on the occasion and his consent. "Are you not willing to give me up to God?" he concludes. "To give me up without reserve? to make a complete sacrifice of your child? O, I am sure you will say yes!" His father gladly consented, and was present at the immolation of his son; but he had not then dreamed of the heavier sacrifice which would be expected of him. Théophane, however, had made up his mind: and no sooner was his ordination as sub-deacon over, than he begged the Director of the Seminary to write for him to Paris, to obtain his admission to the Foreign Missionary College. The answer was favourable; and then came the hardest part of Théophane's trial—the having to break the news to his family. His letter to his father on this occasion, and that father's answer, are wonderful in their large-hearted and generous Christian courage; but the blow was terrible to them both, and, as Théophane told his sister, "cost him tears of blood." "Who ever cared more for home and a home life than I?" he exclaims. "All my happiness here below was centred in it. But God, Who had united us all in links of the tenderest affection, wished to wean me from it. O what a fight and a struggle I have had with my poor human nature! But our Lord, Who asked the sacrifice at my hands, gave me strength to accomplish it. He gave me the courage to offer myself the bitter chalice to those I loved. I undertook it, because I knew you all so well, and I was full of faith and hope; and that hope has not been disappointed"

"The little Missionary," as he called himself, came home for a fortnight before going to the Foreign Missionary College, and these days were terribly trying to them all, and especially to Théophane. He had to be tender, affectionate, and loving to every one; and yet to be firm and determined in his resolution to leave them. The last night of all he sat up with Mélanie, she adding little things to his outfit, and he striving to strengthen both her and himself by speaking of that Divine Love and that love of souls

for which the sacrifice was to be made. The next morning they all received Holy Communion together, Théophane serving the Mass with a rapt manner and expression which made people say "he was more like an angel than a man." At last came the terrible moment of parting: he knelt for his father's blessing, and that of the good old parish priest, after the Rosary and evening prayers had been said as usual together; and then embracing his poor sister and the rest of his family, he hurried to the carriage which was to catch the night train. When once in the railway car, he buried his face in his hands, and cried bitterly and uncontrollably for some little time, to relieve his poor heart from the terrible strain and effort to be calm during the previous twenty-four hours.

His arrival at the Foreign Missionary College was marked by the warmest welcome and the kindest consideration from every one in the house. This spirit of charity and love is the distinguishing characteristic of the Paris Foreign Missionary College, and is fostered in every way by the Superiors. Théophane was greatly soothed and cheered by this greeting, and wrote about it at once to his father. "We are all as one family here, with one object and one aim. All are united in fraternal charity, and I should have nothing left to wish for if you were but by my side." And again to his sister: "Every word you say goes to my heart, for we are *one*, are we not? with the same feelings, the same tastes, the same wishes, the same hopes. We really are, as the saying is, born for each other; how comes it then that we are separated?—why, because God wishes that we should be united eternally. As you said yourself one day, if we could live together here below, we should have cared too much for this world; and so He has divided us, that our souls should be more and more purified, and sigh more and more after the moment when they shall take their flight to Heaven."

It is needless to say that Théophane won all hearts in the College, and made rapid progress himself in the way of perfection. He was ordained deacon at Christ-

mas, 1851, and speaks with delight of the previous Retreat, and then of the ordination. "O how happy I am!" escapes him in his letter on the subject. He had a special devotion for the old hymns and canticles of the Church, and was most anxious to revive congregational singing, and to induce every one to join audibly in the hymns. But he was not allowed to learn only the interior life of his College. His superiors wished him to see something of Paris, and he wrote a series of amusing letters to his brothers on this subject. He was not favourably impressed by that great city, in spite of its undeniable beauty and worldly brightness. "The word written up everywhere," he writes: "is *Fraternité* (brotherhood). But what does it mean? They have well-nigh abolished the idea of family life. Paris is nothing but a scene of gaiety, crowd, and confusion, a heterogeneous mass of people, who neither know, nor care for, nor respect each other. You see beautiful houses, elegant dandies, lovely women, dressed in the extreme of fashion, whose only object seems to be looked at Then comes the evening, when everyone thinks it necessary to go to some ball or theatre, winding up with ices in the boulevards, which are brilliantly lit all night, so that the world in general does not go to bed till the sun rises. What a day for a reasonable being, let alone a Christian! Frankly, the whole thing disgusts and wearies me to death."

He came in also for the "*coup d'état*" of the 2nd of December, with the previous Revolution, when the National Assembly was dissolved, and Paris declared in a state of siege. But he writes to reassure his family by telling them that "their congregation was looked upon favourably by the mob," and that they were in no danger. What interested him far more than Paris and its frivolities was the announcement from his youngest brother, Eusebius, of his wish to become a priest; this filled Théophane's heart with joy, and he wrote him a long and beautiful letter on the subject. His sister Mélanie had also a strong religious vocation, although family duties prevented her embracing a religious life at

once : and this also was an immense consolation to her holy brother.

The hour was now at hand when Théophane was to become a priest, and his zeal and fervour were redoubled. In one of the corners of the garden at the Paris Foreign Missionary College is a little oratory dedicated to Our Lady, and on every Saturday evening the students go there to recite litanies and hymns in her honour. But on leaving this chapel, each of them goes to pray for a few moments in the Hall of Martyrs, round which are ranged not only the relics of the confessors, but the instruments of their torture, and the pictures of their martyrdom. Théophane used to spend every spare moment in this room, and when the news came of the martyrdom of M. Schoeffler at Tonquin, he wrote to his sister : "O if I might some day give my life like him for the Faith! . . . This Tonquin mission is now the most suitable, for it is almost certain martyrdom."

A severe illness prostrated him for a time, although his courage and cheerfulness never deserted him, and he wrote gaily after his recovery : "I have got a new body altogether, which, as I am going to a new country, will be very useful. It is only a pity I can't get a new spirit and a new heart, and then I should be altogether a new man. Pray that I may be thus transformed on the day of my ordination."

He recovered sufficiently to be ordained on the 5th of June, and said his first Mass the next day, being Trinity Sunday. His departure for the foreign missions could not be long delayed, and a letter on the 13th of September announced this to his family : "My dearest father, sisters and brothers, once more let us say together : God's holy Name be praised. About a month ago, five of my fellow-students received a notice to hold themselves in readiness for departure. I was left behind till my health was more established, which grieved me very much. But one of the five, who had been compelled to return home for family affairs, did not come back on the day fixed. I have been consequently appointed to replace him. I am, therefore,

going to leave you at once, dearest people, and to wish you good-bye till our re-union in Heaven. Friday will probably be my last day on the soil of France, as we are to embark at Antwerp."

The 19th of September was to be the day of departure, and in the morning, the fervent missionary sent a farewell line to each member of his family. Then came the usual touching service for the departure, which many of our English readers have doubtless witnessed at the Foreign Missionary College at Mill Hill. After the prayers were over, one of the Directors, who had himself lately returned from the Foreign Missions, made them a short and moving address. Then the five young apostles went up to the Altar and stood on the highest step, while all their companions went up, one by one, and kissed the feet of those who were so soon to be our Lord's heralds, whilst the choir intoned the anthem: "How beautiful are the feet of those who bring the gospel of peace." After this trying ceremony, the "Hymn of Departure" by M Dallet was sung, and the young missionaries bid adieu to their College for ever. To Théophane this moment was very bitter, for he clung to all he left behind in a way which only loving natures like his can understand. However, they all got together in the railway carriage, and on the 23rd of September, embarked on board an American ship, a good and fast sailer, with a Catholic captain and crew who edified them all by their discipline and charity.

A heavy gale obliged them to put in at Plymouth to refit, whence Théophane wrote a long and touching letter to his sister, of which we will give a short extract:—"I know how you have followed me in thought, and I like to think of this letter's arrival at our home, and the welcome it will get. Am I not a real baby? But, O my God! it is not wrong, is it, to love one's home, and one's family?—to suffer terribly at being parted from them?—to feel one's loneliness?—to try to console one another?—to mingle our prayers, our tears, and also our hopes? For we have

left all for Thee. We wish to work for Thee. And we trust to be reunited one day in Thee for ever and for ever But let us look the thing bravely in the face. All is over—is it not so? An enormous distance is about to separate us. Never again shall we meet on earth. But, after all, why is it we feel it so dreadfully?—a little sooner or a little later, we shall be together in Heaven. How short will our separation appear to us in eternity! Our mother, our friends, the saints, are all gone home before us. It is our business to follow and go to them. People who are taking a journey often go different roads—one one way, the other another: the only question is, which shall arrive first at the place of destination. Well, I am going by this road, you by that: let the one who reaches home first, encourage the other!”

On the 10th of October he left Plymouth, and on New Year's Day arrived at Singapore, where he stayed three weeks, and then went on to Hong Kong, where he was detained for fifteen months, and devoted himself to the study of the Chinese language, which he found very difficult, especially in the intense heat. His great friend, M. Theurel, left after a few weeks for Tonquin: and then Théophane was sent to teach philosophy in a college near Hong Kong, under the superintendence of Mgr. Guillemin, who very soon conceived the warmest affection for his new and bright professor.

It was not till the month of February, 1854, that Father Vénard received his orders for the western district of Tonquin. He wrote at once to express his joy to the Superior of the Foreign Missionary College at Paris “I should have liked any mission which was awarded me,” he concludes: “but that of Tonquin, under the care of that great and holy Bishop, Mgr. Rétord, so full of holy associations and blessed recollections, O this is indeed the port I should most ardently have coveted! I love it, as being the heritage which the great Father has awarded me. I love it, because it is the grandest mission of the whole, the ‘Diamond of Asia,’ as a poet has called it And

then, think of the martyrs—those real glories of Tonquin, —whose blood, shed in the great cause, is always pleading for us before God, and the remembrance of whose triumphs gives fresh courage to those who are still in the strife!”

The thought of martyrdom, in fact, seems never to have left him, and to his old friend, M. Dallet, he cannot help exclaiming: “Every time that the thought of martyrdom comes across me, I thrill all over with joy and hope!”

On the 26th of May, 1854, Théophane started with another missionary for Macao, where they were kindly received by the Spanish Dominicans who were stationed there. On the 2nd of June, they got on board a Chinese junk, where they were stuffed into a little hole in which they could barely lie down, and were covered with vermin. In this place they were forced to remain hidden for a week, only coming out to breathe a little fresh air at night, and that with great precautions. Unfortunately, the weather became rough and bad, and sea-sickness was added to Théophane’s miseries. At a place called Cuâ-Cam, they at last cast anchor, and the Chinese mandarin came to inspect the vessel. They scarcely dared breathe in their prison for fear of being discovered: but fortunately he did not find them out, and the next day a Christian boat came alongside, and, after some difficulties with the crew, the missionaries were safely landed at the Bishop’s house. Had they been delayed an hour or two longer, they would have been seized and put to death, for the authorities, having heard a rumour of their arrival, surrounded the Chinese junk, and examined her so minutely in every part that no escape would have been possible.

After a few days they started for the Central Vicariate in a species of net borne by bearers. But then again they were in danger, for they came upon a fair in one of the Pagan villages, where a mandarin lived, before whom every traveller was expected to descend from his net and go on foot. The cry soon came of: “Who were those people who ventured to pass the great man in that fashion?” The catechist replied that “they

were sick people of his household." "At least, let them lower their nets!" was the sentinel's reply. The bearers were compelled to obey, and the older missionary, who understood the language, thought that their last hour was come. The bearers, luckily, understood the danger, and just lowering the net for an instant, hurriedly raised it again and trotted on. Soon after, they came to a river, and found a Christian junk, into which they gladly stepped, and were rowed to the hut of Mgr. Diaz, the Vicar Apostolic of Central Tonquin. There they found two couriers sent by Mgr. Rétord, to convey them to their final destination. After a few days' rest, therefore, they started again; but this last part of their journey was even more full of dangers than the first. Théophane writes to his sister as follows: "We went in a junk by night, and had to pass by a citadel guarded by 2,000 soldiers, who hailed our boat and asked who we were. The owner of the junk said, 'Mandarins,' but they did not believe him, and sent a junk after us in pursuit. Luckily, we had a favourable wind and she could not catch us One goes generally by night for greater security; sometimes by water, sometimes by land, in palanquins or nets, the matting at the sides hiding you from the passers-by. Sometimes one can only go on foot, without shoes, through the rice fields, which is all very well in the day time, but at night one must be content to fall into holes one moment, into water the next, while often one's foot slips on the greasy damp soil, and you measure your length in the mud. It was not till the 13th of August that we arrived at the scene of our future labours, and that I was introduced for the first time to the illustrious Mgr. Rétord, whom I found busy giving a retreat previous to an ordination." Théophane had also the joy of finding his great friend there, Father Theurel, who, writing of him, says: "Will you believe it? Vénard, who has only been here a month, already speaks the language with a perfect accent."

The progress he made was astonishing, for a little later he speaks of having preached a sermon in the

Annamite language in the Church of the College of Lâng-Doan. A fearful persecution had devastated the Tonquin Mission just before his arrival: but at that moment there was a little lull. The holy Mgr. Rétord wrote about that time: "When I undertook this mission, sixteen years ago, there were not more than a hundred thousand Christians. Now there are 140,000, in spite of the bloody edicts against the Christians, and the cholera of 1851, which carried off more than 10,000. All these converts practise their religion in a way which would shame many Europeans. They are constant attendants at the Sacraments, and most diligent in the performance of all their religious duties. It is needless to add that they are all Catholics. Heretical ministers, with their wives and children, have never attempted to approach these inhospitable and unhealthy shores, or to face a persecution which can only end in one way—martyrdom."

It is not wonderful that Théophane attached himself speedily to these good and fervent converts, who, on their side, did all they could to show their love and veneration for him. Unfortunately, the lull in the persecution was but temporary, and very soon, Théophane had to fly to the mountains to escape from a domiciliary visit from the mandarins. He caught a violent chill during this time, which developed into inflammation of the lungs, and very soon brought him to the point of death. But he recovered almost by a miracle, and devoted himself more than ever to those whom he called his "beloved Annamite children." But it was very uphill work. He wrote from the College of Hoang: "In this poor Annamite kingdom, the penal laws are most cruel and rigid; but they are only half carried out on account of the greed of the mandarins, who simply use them as a means to extort money. If, at least, one might buy peace that way! But no—one day you build a church, open a school, establish a college—the next week you have to fly, and all your work is destroyed . . . I have upwards of twelve thousand Christians here, divided into four large parishes, with

six or seven native priests under me. At this moment it is difficult to do very much in the way of conversions, owing to the virulence of the persecution: but still a certain number of souls are daily garnered in."

The succeeding letters, both from Fr. Vénard and Mgr. Rétord, are full of thrilling escapes both by land and water. "Our position," they write, "is terrible at this moment. We are like birds on the branch of a tree, always on the alert, always receiving messages to say we have been discovered by spies, that the mandarins are surrounding our missions, and that such and such Christians have been pillaged, tortured, and put to death on our account. To try and spare them, we hide either in our little boats, or in caverns, or in tombs in the mountains, where we run the risk of being buried alive. One day we had to remain in one of these for eight hours, being only able to breathe through a bamboo tube The researches of the mandarins are so active that it is almost impossible to escape them. Two new edicts have been fulminated against us, which have greatly kindled the zeal and fury of our pagan governors. Our chapels are destroyed, our houses demolished, our schools dispersed, and our money wasted in vain attempts to buy off our poor converts."

But we must hurry on to come to Théophane's inevitable martyrdom. On the 30th of November, at nine o'clock in the morning, five or six junks appeared a few yards from the missionaries' house. Théophane in an instant understood that he had been betrayed, and retired between two walls. The chief cried out: "Let the European priest come forth!" The catechist came boldly forward and said: "It is I who inhabit this house!" But he was instantly seized and garotted, while the chief, giving a great kick to the partition which concealed the missionary, seized M. Vénard and dragged him brutally to the junks. When they arrived at the chief's house, he was put in a cage of bamboos, while a *cangue* was put on the neck of the catechist, and they were dragged before the mandarin. This man was very far from pleased at the arrival of the prisoners. He was civil to M. Vénard,

putting him in a wooden cage which was larger than the bamboo one, and giving him a lighter chain. But then arrived a detachment of fifty or a hundred soldiers to convey the prisoners to the capital of the Tonquin kings, called Kêcho. They entered the town by the Eastern Gate, and were brought at once before the tribunal of the judge. There they had to endure a long interrogatory, by which it appeared that they were supposed to be in league with the French troops, who had made war against the Annamites: but in reality it was to induce M. Vénard to deny his faith and trample on the cross. Finally, his sentence was pronounced, and he was condemned to be beheaded, though he was spared the horrible tortures of his companions.

His death was, however, delayed for a few weeks, and he took that opportunity to write the most beautiful and touching letters to his family. His cage was placed at the door of the Prefecture, and at first threepence a day was allowed for his food: but when that was stopped, a Christian widow provided him with what was necessary. Mgr. Theurel sent a native priest, Father Think, to comfort him; and through the cleverness of one of his guards, Huong Moï, who was a Christian, Father Think managed to be introduced as a stranger to M. Vénard, who was let out of his cage and allowed to walk in the garden, when he instantly made his confession, none of the guards having followed him. When M. Vénard went back to his cage, Father Think approached as if to examine it, and thus gave him absolution. He left the Blessed Sacrament with the poor widow, who brought it to Fr. Vénard in the evening concealed in some bread: so that he could enjoy the presence of our dear Lord till midnight, after which he communicated. He wrote joyfully to Mgr. Jeantet on the 20th of January:—

“Father Think will tell you of his visit. He brought me the Bread of the Traveller—‘*Mi Jesu, Deus meus*’ in my cage! Think of that! I have not received a single stroke of the knout. I have received very little insult and much sympathy: the people of the household of the great mandarin are kindness itself to me. I have

suffered nothing in comparison with my brethren. I have only to lay my head quietly on the block, under the axe of the executioner, and at once I shall find myself in presence of our Lord, saying: 'Here am I, O Lord! Thy little martyr!' I shall present my palm to Our Lady and say: 'Hail Mary! my mother and my mistress—all hail!' and I shall take my place in the ranks of the thousands killed for the Holy Name of Jesus, and I shall intone the eternal Hosanna! Amen."

His last letters to his father and sister must be given *in extenso* here.

"J.M.J.

From my Cage, Kêcho.

January 20th, 1861.'

"My dearest, much honoured, and much loved Father.

"As my sentence is still delayed, I will send you one more word of farewell, which will probably be the last. These last days in my prison pass quietly: all those who surround me are civil and respectful, and a good many love me. From the great mandarin down to the humblest private soldier, every one regrets that the laws of the country condemn me to death. I have not been put to the torture like my brethren. A slight sabre-cut will separate my head from my body, like the spring flower, which the master of the garden gathers for his pleasure. We are all flowers planted on the earth, and which God gathers in His own good time, some a little sooner, some a little later. One is as the blushing rose, another the virginal lily, a third the humble violet. Let us each strive to please our Sovereign Lord and Master, according to the gift and the sweetness which He has bestowed upon us. I wish you, my dearest father, a long, happy, and peaceable old age, and that you may bear the cross of life with Jesus unto the Calvary of a happy death. Father and son may we meet in Paradise! I, poor little moth, go first. Adieu.

Your devoted and dutiful son,

THÉOPHANE VÉNARD, Miss. Apost."

“ From my Cage,

January 20th, 1861.

“ My dearest Sister,

“ I wrote, some days ago, a general letter to the family, in which I gave all the details of my capture and interrogatory. Now, as my last hour is approaching, I want to send you, my darling sister, a special word of love and farewell, for our hearts have been one from our childhood. You have never had a secret from me, nor I from you. When, as a school-boy, I used to have to leave home for college, it was my little Mélanie who prepared my box and softened, with her tender words, the pain of parting. It was you who shared in the sorrows and joys of my college life; it was you who strengthened my vocation for the Foreign Missions. It was with you, dearest Mélanie, that I passed that solemn night of the 26th of February, 1851, which was our last meeting upon earth, and which we spent in a conversation so full of intimate thoughts and feelings of sympathy and holy hope, that it reminded me of the farewell of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica. And when I had crossed the seas and came to water with sweat and blood this Annamite country, your letters were my strength, my joy, and my consolation. It is then only fair that, in this last hour, your brother should think of you, and send you a few last words of love and never-dying remembrance.

“ It is midnight. Round my wooden cage, I see nothing but banners and long sabres. In one corner of the hall, where my cage is placed, a group of soldiers are playing at cards: another group at draughts. From time to time, the sentries strike the hours of the night on their drums or ‘tom-toms.’ About two feet from my cage, a feeble oil-lamp throws a vacillating light on this sheet of Chinese paper, and enables me to trace these few lines. From day to day I expect my sentence. Perhaps to-morrow I shall be led to execution. Happy death, which conducts me to the portals of eternal life!

According to all human probability, I shall be beheaded: a glorious shame of which heaven will be the price. At this news, darling sister, you will shed tears, but they should be of joy. Think of your brother, with the aureole of the martyr, and bearing in his hand the palm of victory! Only a few short hours, and my soul will quit this earth—will finish her exile—will have done with the fight. I shall mount upwards and reach our own true home. There, in that abode of God's elect, I shall see what the eye of man cannot imagine; hear harmonies which his ear cannot dream of now: enjoy a happiness which it has never entered into his heart even to conceive! But before arriving at all this, the grain of wheat must be ground; the bunch of grapes must be trodden in the wine-press. May I become only pure bread and wine, fit for the Master's use! I hope it, through the mercies of my Saviour and Redeemer, and through the protection of His Immaculate Mother. And so I venture, while still in the arena, and in the midst of the fight, to intone the hymn of triumph, as if I were sure of victory. And you, my dearest sister, I leave you in the field of virtues and good works. Reap a great harvest of those for the eternal life which awaits us both. Gather faith, hope, charity, patience, gentleness, sweetness, perseverance, and a holy death; and so we shall be together now and for evermore. Good-bye, my Mélanie! good bye my much-loved sister! Adieu!

“Your devoted brother,

“T. VÉNARD, Apostolic Missionary.”

On the night of the 2nd of February, the sentence of death arrived. The widow Tighiën told him at two o'clock in the morning: “Father, you are to be executed to-day!” M. Vénard hastened to return to his cage to distribute his little things among his friends. At this moment a young lady arrived, bearing the Blessed Sacrament in a tiny box, and pressing through the soldiers, succeeded in putting it into his hand. But it was too boldly done: the soldiers dragged it from him by main

force, and gave it to their captain. Father Vénard, in his agony lest the Body of our Lord should be profaned, cried out to the widow Nghiên, "They have carried off my Viaticum!" This courageous woman rushed up to the captain, and told him that this mysterious wafer was not, as he imagined, a poison to accelerate death, but a mysterious food for the passage from this life to another, adding: "If you venture to touch this Viaticum, you and all your family will die suddenly!" The captain, really alarmed, gave back the box to the widow; who alas! on account of the mob, could not give it to the poor missionary. It was, therefore, returned to Mlle. Xin, who sorrowfully but safely took it back to Father Thinh.

Whilst this was passing, Théophane was summoned by the mandarin to hear his sentence. He had prepared himself a special dress for this day, namely, a white cotton vest, with a robe of black silk, and so attired, appeared before the judge, who pronounced the sentence, which he answered by a little speech, in which he made a formal declaration that he had only come to Tonquin to teach the true religion, and that he was going to die for the same cause. He ended by saying to the judge: "One day we shall meet each other again at the Tribunal of God." The frightened mandarin rose hastily, and ordered the convoy to start at once. It was composed of two elephants and two hundred soldiers, and they were half-an-hour in reaching the place of execution. F. Vénard sang Latin psalms and hymns as the procession passed through the town. The executioner, who was a horrible hunchback, asked him: "What he would give him to be executed promptly and well?" But Théophane answered: "The longer it lasts the better it will be." Having stripped him, save his trousers, his elbows were tightly tied behind his back, so as to force him to hold up his head for the fatal stroke; but it was only a trial one on the part of the barbarous executioner. The next stroke cut off half the head and knocked down the stake and the missionary together. Then the executioner finding his sword was blunt, took another, and cut and

hacked at his neck amidst the indignant murmurs of the crowd. Then having seized the head by the ear, he presented it to the colonel, who, disgusted at the scene, instantly sounded the retreat.

No sooner had the troops left the ground, than the Christians precipitated themselves on the spot to soak their handkerchiefs in the Martyr's blood, while the body was wrapt in a cotton sheet, and then buried in a coffin only a foot deep, so as to be able to remove it later to a place of safety. The head had been placed in a box at the top of a pole and a Catholic Mayor of a neighbouring village, named Ly-Vung, had made one similar, so as to try and substitute one for the other, and to get possession of the precious relic. But it was impossible to cheat the vigilance of the guards. The third evening it was thrown into the river, and recovered in a wonderful way a day or two later. Father Thinh put it carefully in a white silk bag, which was fastened down in a vase, and carried to Mgr. Theurel, who cut off some of the hair, and finally buried it until a time of peace should enable him to reunite the head with the rest of the body. Writing of him to his family, Mgr. Theurel says: "He had the greatest prudence and wisdom, united with a burning love and zeal for souls. Although his health was more delicate than that of any other missionary in the diocese, he did more work than anybody else, passing half the night and sometimes the whole day besides, in the Confessional. His confidence in God was boundless: he was likewise a wonderful linguist, and had completely mastered the difficult Annamite dialect, besides translating the Gospels and Epistles into that tongue, as well as the Acts of the Apostles I hoped so much," he continues, "from his wonderful piety, zeal and science. But the Sovereign Arbiter of all things has decided otherwise, and we can only say humbly: '*Fiat voluntas tua.*'"—Mgr. Theurel had just then succeeded Mgr. Rétord, who had lately died.

Thirty years have elapsed since Théophane Vénard's heroic death. The era of persecution in Tonquin is

past. Mgr. Puginier, who succeeded Mgr. Theurel, left at his death 200,000 neophytes, nearly 100 native priests, 47 European missionaries, and 425 Churches and Chapels. In M. Tardy's last letters, published in the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, he gives a most cheering account of the state of the Mission, and of the good feeling existing among the people towards the missioners, to whom they are devotedly attached. As peace was reigning throughout the mission, there was a retreat for the Fathers in the month of January, at which two bishops and thirty-three missionaries were present, so greatly had the work increased and prospered.

A chapel has been erected at Bel-Air by the brother of Théophane Vénard, on the spot where, as a boy of nine years of age, Théophane, reading the life of the Venerable Charles Cornay, had exclaimed: "When I grow up, I too will go to Tonquin; I too will die a martyr!" This prophecy, or rather this generous resolve, has been fulfilled. He shed his blood in the noblest cause—the cause of God, and his sacrifice has brought forth fruit a hundred-fold.

Let us hope that his generous heart may find many imitators, and that this little biography may move others to come forward and help in the glorious work of the Foreign Missions. This is the test and the measure of Catholic life amongst us. The missionary spirit is the condition of growth, and if the Faith is to be extended at home, it must be by our helping to carry it abroad.

We feel confident that our Lord will not allow so noble an example to pass unheeded, and that Théophane's life and words will kindle in other souls a like burning love and zeal for the conversion of the heathen who know not God.



St. Margaret,

THE PENITENT OF CORTONA.

(1247-1297).

THE life of St. Margaret of Cortona is an example of God's mercy to the sinner, and is full of consolation for the penitent. In St. Margaret we see one who had abandoned God, but was not abandoned by Him. God watched over her, listened to her faint cries for help, treasured up her feeble desires of a return, till at length, by a great act of His love, He brought her out of the wilderness of sin in which for nine years she had wandered.

This glorious Saint, who was destined by Almighty God to draw numberless souls from an evil life to a life of grace, was born in the year 1247, at Laviano, a hamlet distant about twelve miles from Cortona. Laviano at the present day has little attraction except for those who love St. Margaret. It stands on a hill which rises out of the Val di Chiano, and is picturesquely situated in the midst of pine woods. The little Church of SS. Vitus and Modestus, some four or five houses, and the cottage pointed out as the birth-place of St. Margaret, are all that now remain of the village. This cottage is little better than a shed, for which, it would seem, the ground floor is used. The upper room—there is only one—is approached by a staircase from the outside. In this room is a faded picture of St. Margaret, over a broken bracket, where an altar may once have stood, and a fire-place in one corner.

The cottage stands at the foot of a little height on which Margaret, in her happy childhood, no doubt often

played with her companions. Her eyes then looked upon the scene upon which on our visit we gazed with admiration. To our right was the valley of the Chiano, before us a mountain-range on the lower slope on which we could see in the distance the white houses of Montepulciano. Above Montepulciano rose the beautiful outline of Monte Santa Fiora, and ranging further to the left, Monte Citone, whilst in the valley beneath were the placid waters of the Lake of Montepulciano.

Margaret's parents were simple country people, who lived by their daily labour. Her father cultivated his little plot of ground, whilst her mother was occupied in the care of the house and of her children. Soon after Margaret's birth her pious parents took their little babe to be baptized in the parish church of St. Peter at Pozzuolo, a village on the hill which rises above Laviano. In baptism the name of Margaret, or Pearl, was given to the child by what has well been called a special dispensation of Providence, Who had destined Margaret to be a precious Pearl in the corona of Saints that surround His throne. As soon as Margaret could speak, her pious mother taught her to pronounce the sweet names of Jesus and Mary, and to love Jesus crucified. So fond did the little one become of the crucifix, that she would often hold it in her infant hands and cover it with kisses.

But death came to this happy home, and Margaret lost her mother when she was only seven or eight years of age. This was naturally a great grief to Margaret, as well as a great misfortune for her, since she was now deprived of a mother's love and that training which a mother alone can give. Time passed on, and Margaret's father, wishing to provide some one to look after his children and his house, married again. But his wife, to his sorrow, took a dislike to Margaret, treated her harshly, and made her home unbearable to her. The high-spirited girl resented this treatment. Her heart sought for love and found it not; she shrank into herself, and her home-life became miserable. Her father, who was most of the day absent at his work, would find, on his return home, discord where there should have been peace:

and Margaret's tearful eyes showed him how unhappy she was. So were sown the seeds of after trouble.

As Margaret grew in age she grew also in beauty and grace of form. All who knew of her unhappiness at home felt a sympathy for, and all admired, the beautiful girl of sixteen years of age. About this time a young nobleman from Montepulciano came to reside at the country seat of his family, the Palazzo as it is now called, not far distant from Laviano. He heard of Margaret, and desired to see the village beauty. One day when riding to Laviano he caught sight of Margaret, and he was smitten with her charms. His visits were repeated, and at length he told her of his love. He spoke of his palace at Montepulciano, which he asked her to share with him, and of the rich dresses and jewels which he would give her if she would consent to leave the path of virtue. Margaret, unhappy at home, and desiring to exchange ill-treatment for affection, her poor cottage for a grand house, splendid attire for her humble garb, yielded to the persuasions of the young nobleman, and went to live at his palace. Margaret, dazzled by the splendour of her surroundings and flattered by the attention she received, for a time felt a joy to which she had long been a stranger. Still she was not truly happy; the pleasures which surrounded her, the society into which she entered, the affection lavished upon her, the luxurious palace, could not satisfy her heart. Margaret looked back to the days when she was at home; she thought of her dead mother's love and her father's care, and she sighed for release from what she felt to be slavery—the slavery of sin. Her conscience reproached her. She would often retire from society to weep in secret, and beg for the mercy of God, which she strove to gain by works of mercy to the poor. Still she had not as yet the courage to break the bonds which enchained her. But God's time was at hand. He was about to make His justice felt, and at the same time to show His mercy.

Some dispute having arisen respecting the boundaries of the property at the Palazzo, where Margaret was now residing, the young nobleman went out to endeavour to

settle the disputed claim. He met those who denied his right;—a quarrel ensued—and the young man was killed. His assailants, to conceal the body, dragged it into a thicket and covered it with leaves and brush-wood.

When, on the day of his departure, the sun was about to set, Margaret looked anxiously from the window of the Palazzo, expecting the return of her lover, but there was no sign of him. She retired to rest and arose the following morning, wearied and depressed. That day was followed by another night of distress, and another day of alarm and almost despair, when she saw approaching the castle the faithful dog that had accompanied his master. At length he is coming, she thought, and ran down to welcome him home. But no, the dog lay down at her feet, howled mournfully, and then pulled her by the dress as if desiring her to follow him. Trembling and fearing some ill, Margaret followed where she was led. After they had gone some miles, the dog stopped beneath an oak-tree, scratched away a heap of leaves with his paws, and revealed to Margaret the body of him she had loved. A faintness came over her, and she fell to the ground. On recovering her senses she arose, gazed at the corpse before her, and then by God's mercy the eyes of her soul were opened. She saw the state to which death had reduced that countenance which had been so pleasing in her eyes; she thought of where the soul had gone; she knew it had passed the judgment-seat of God, and only too probably had been condemned to that Hell which would be her portion also unless she repented.

These thoughts, by God's grace, penetrated into her heart. They converted her, and she, who had fallen to the ground a sinner, arose a penitent.

Margaret returned to the Palazzo an altered woman, and whilst grieving over what she had reason to fear must be the sad state of him she had lost, she grieved yet more over her own sins. Had she not been the cause of the unhappy nobleman's continuance in sin? She determined henceforth to do all in her power to blot out her sins by penances and by prayer. "O Lord,

be merciful to me a sinner," was now her continued cry—"Lord, save me, or I perish;" for she felt, from the weakness of her nature, a return to sin even now was possible.

The attendants at the Castello were surprised to see the sad and downcast look of Margaret, so different from her former proud and stately bearing. They soon learned the cause of her woe, and their sympathy prompted them to minister to her with even greater willingness and deference than before. She begged them, for the love of God, not to show her so much respect. "I am not worthy to receive attentions from you," she would say; "I am Margaret the sinner, who for so long has offended our God; I do not deserve your homage; reserve that for those who may be worthy of it. Think of me no longer as your mistress, but pray for me that God may forgive me my sin."

Having laid aside her rich robes, she clothed herself in the garb of a penitent, disposed of all the wealth that had been lavished upon her, gave to the relations of the young lord all that had belonged to him, and then began to consider where she might find a shelter for herself and her child.

But where could she go? Should she return to Montepulciano, the scene of her sinful life? No, that would be again to place herself in fresh occasions of sin, and that she was determined to avoid. Should she go to Laviano? Here poverty and a hard life awaited her, and she knew not if her father would receive her. Her step-mother she felt would be still more harsh in her treatment of her. But no matter; she had sinned, and now she would accept humiliations and harsh treatment as some compensation to God for her crime. So, like the prodigal in the Gospel, she said: "I will arise and I will go to my father, and I will say to him, 'Father, I have sinned against you, but you are my father still, refuse not to receive your penitent child, forgive me the pain I have caused you, the shame I have brought on your name—father, forgive me!'" With words such as these she threw herself at his feet, and obtained his forgiveness, sealed by his fatherly embrace.

Not so with her step-mother; she could not bear the presence of Margaret in the house, and gave her husband no peace till she forced him to send away his repentant child—now a woman of twenty-five—to seek for some other dwelling. When Margaret was turned away from home, she went into the garden not far from the cottage, and there, kneeling beneath a fig tree, she wept bitterly. Some shoots from the tree are still to be seen. God never forsakes the soul that returns to Him, and Margaret was a true penitent. Not all the suggestions and temptations of Satan, with which he now troubled her, could shake her resolve of giving herself wholly to God. A voice bade her go to Cortona and there place herself under the direction of the Friars Minor of St. Francis, and become a Tertiary of the Order. Margaret obeyed the call, weak as she was, and ill able to take so long a journey on foot. She arose and set out, leading her child by the hand. On quitting Laviano, the home of her early days, where she left behind her a loving and much-loved father, Margaret ascended the hill to the crest of the ridge, to take one look at the church tower of Pozzuolo, in which she had been baptized, and then she set out on her way to Cortona.

When she reached the place where she had found the dead body, and where God's grace had touched her heart, she remained awhile to rest and pray. How she thanked God for the mercy He had shown her! Offering once more all her sufferings to Him as a penance for her sins, she fervently renewed the oblation of herself to His service, and earnestly implored grace and courage to keep her resolutions.

A chapel now marks this spot. It is called the chapel of repentance. Over the door is a representation of St. Margaret as she knelt there with her child on the ground beside her. By the road side is an old oak, partly decayed, but yet retaining some vigorous branches. The tree may be taken as a symbol of St. Margaret, who, though once dead in sin was now living again by the grace of God, putting forth the fresh green leaves of repentance.

Margaret pressed onwards. Turning her glance away from the Palazzo, near which she passed, she looked to her right and saw the beautiful lake of Thrasimene; but her eyes scarcely noted its beauty. They were directed to Cortona, which, after weary hours of walking, she entered.

Where was she, a total stranger, to go? Who would take pity on her and her child? God's mercy watched over her. He Who had not forsaken her in her sinful days was now at her side. As she was climbing the steep hill which leads from the gate, she saw two ladies, the Countess Ranieri and the Lady Maineria. They saw and pitied the poor forlorn and weary woman who stood before them, and, perceiving that she was in need of help, offered her assistance. Margaret, encouraged by this kindness, told them briefly the sad story of her life. They were so touched by her confession, that, seeing she was determined to lead a good life, they offered her hospitality in their own house.

The one desire which Margaret had after her conversion was to do the will of God as perfectly as she could. It was therefore in obedience to the Divine Inspiration which she received at Laviano, that after she arrived in Cortona she placed herself under the direction of the Friars Minor.

Fra Giunta was the Father appointed to be her confessor, and it was under his guidance that she reached the height of sanctity at which she afterwards arrived. Margaret's first act was to purify her soul from sin by confession. In making it, she was so overcome by her emotion and her grief for her sins that it took her eight days to complete her avowal of them.

Even when Margaret had received absolution, she feared that she was unworthy of it, and that such grievous sins as hers should be so speedily forgiven seemed to her hardly credible.

Henceforth she always made her own those words of the Psalm of the penitent David, and with him she cried out: "Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy. Wash me yet more from mine iniquity

and cleanse me from my sin. Create a clean heart in me, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

The gravity of her offences was always present to her mind. She felt what a share her sins had had in the sufferings of her Saviour. When she looked at her crucifix which she had so much loved as a child and which was now still more dear to her, she saw in the wounded Hands the work of her own hands. In gazing at the Sacred Feet she knew they had been pierced with nails because of the wanderings of her own feet in the ways of sin. In beholding the wound of the Side of Jesus she felt that it was her crimes which had plunged the lance into His adorable Heart. In the Crown of Thorns and in the mangled Body she saw the expiation of her guilty pleasures: and so out of love for Jesus Crucified she made His Passion and Death the subject of her constant meditations, and endeavoured day by day to blot out the ill-spent past, and cleanse her heart from all which might prevent her from that close union with God which she so earnestly desired.

Grace had wrought so great a change in the heart of Margaret that while the world considered her to be a Saint she was in her own eyes but a sinner. That heart which before had been inordinately bent on worldly pleasure now aspired to nothing but the joys of heaven. If Margaret had been like Magdalene in her sin, she now imitated her as her model in her conversion, hoping like her to regain innocence by penance, and so share in its reward.

Though Margaret had with deep contrition confessed her sins, she did not feel that she had thereby done enough; she realized that satisfaction was due for them, and so resolved on making the remainder of her life one of penance and of prayer, for she knew well that her satisfaction must bear some proportion to the gravity of her sin.

Her whole life was changed. Instead of the enjoyment of wealth, she was now content with poverty. Mortification of her desires took the place of self-indulgence, and instead of days which she had devoted to worldly

pleasure, she now passed her hours in weeping over her sins, and in retirement from the world. Within her heart the love of the Creator now took the place which had been filled by the love of the creature. In the poorly-clad woman with her hair close cut, and concealed by a coarse linen cap, those who had seen her in all the splendour of her worldly attire could scarcely believe that they beheld the same person. She went daily to confession and to Holy Communion, and in order to pray undisturbed, she chose a chapel where she would be little noticed, which adjoins the Church of St. Francis. This chapel is now used as the sacristy.

When hearing the word of God, she chose a spot beneath the pulpit where she could neither see nor be seen. Then when her hours of prayer were ended, she would return to her cell, and at Vesper time would again return to the church, in order that she might end the day in the immediate presence of God.

Her life was spent in prayer and mortifications, and in work which was necessary in order to provide that subsistence she required for herself and her child; but even in her work, prayer was not neglected. Intercourse with the world was now however forced upon her, and with an exceeding charity she would assist such poor persons as needed her services, such, for instance, as women in child-birth. But even in these offices of humble duty she yet maintained great reserve and recollection of mind. She used to retire to pray in some corner of the room when for a time her services were not required. Her food was of the simplest, and when away from home on her errands of mercy, nothing could induce her to break the rule of abstinence that she had imposed upon herself.

The pardon of her sins had in no way diminished the abhorrence she felt for them. So deeply did she even now feel her offence that she would tell those she met, as she passed along the street, of her guilt, and ask them to pray for its perfect remission, expressing to them her desire to know if God had in reality forgiven her, and moving to tears all whom she addressed. And these sins which she made known in public she did penance for

in the solitude of her cell. Days of prayer in the church were succeeded by nights of prayer contrite and broken only by her sobs, "the sacrifice of a contrite and humbled heart."

The brief hours which she allowed for sleep she took lying on boards with a stone for a pillow. What a contrast to the slight penances by which we punish our sins!

But Margaret thought not of herself alone, she felt that by her example she had been the occasion of sins to others, and so her desire now was to repair the scandal she had given that she might at the same time show her love for God and her neighbours. As Montepulciano had been the chief scene of Margaret's sin, so did she now desire that it should be witness of her repentance. She wished to make such reparation as lay in her power to its inhabitants for the bad example she had given them. She designed to go to that town, clothed in sackcloth, with a rope round her neck, as some atonement for her luxury in dress and for the rich necklace of jewels she had formerly displayed. She even intended that the town-crier should proclaim aloud "Here comes Margaret the sinner!" so earnestly did she wish that in the place where she had been treated with such deference and respect, she should now be overwhelmed by the reproaches which she felt were her due. Her confessor, however, forbade this, and in obedience to him she gave up her design.

Father Giunta, however, permitted Margaret partially to carry out her wish at Laviano, where she had first fallen into sin. It was on a Sunday, when all were assembled for Mass, that Margaret entered the church of that village with her hair close cut and her feet bare, clothed in sackcloth and with a rope round her neck. She knelt where she would be least perceived. No one recognised in the pale and emaciated face of the mysterious pilgrim that Margaret they had formerly known so well. When Mass was concluded, Margaret arose and, throwing herself at the feet of the Lady Manentessa—scarcely able to speak from the sobs which choked her—with sighs

and tears of contrition, begged pardon of all the astonished bystanders, imploring them to forget the scandal she had given them, and beseeching them to learn the lesson from her example that the greatest evil in life is sin.

The great desire Margaret had to free herself from all that had ever been an occasion of sin to her, and her fear that her beauty which still remained might yet be an incentive to it, she sought to destroy her comeliness by striking her face with a stone, in order that the livid bruises might disfigure it, and at other times she would cover it with soot, that the fairness of her skin might not be seen.

So far was Margaret from lessening her austerities and mortifications as the years went by, that she increased them both in number and severity up to the very day of her death.

By the kindness of friends, Margaret's child had been sent to be educated at Arezzo, and she was now left free from the necessity of providing for him, and able to devote herself completely to the service of God, and to that life of retirement which she so much desired. It was Margaret's wish, in order to lead a more perfect life, to enter the Third Order of St. Francis, the confraternity of penance, that branch of the great Franciscan family which has produced so many saints in the world. Later on, her son also was to join the Seraphic Order in which he became a priest and a noted preacher.

The Friars Minor did not at first accede to Margaret's wish. It was considered more prudent that a long trial should be given her in order to test the sincerity of her resolve to lead a new life, and it was not till after three years waiting—years borne by Margaret with patience and resignation—that she was at length admitted, in the year 1275, to the privilege of becoming a child of St. Francis. Margaret, once she had been received, wished not only to be a member of it by name and by wearing the habit, but closely to imitate her Seraphic Father. Thus by following his life, by the rigour of her penance, and by the fervour of her prayers, she raised herself to so high a degree of contemplation as to become a perfect imitator of the poor man of Assisi.

Margaret had a great love and desire for solitude, and in fact cherished it so deeply that she never left her poor dwelling except to seek God in His Church, or to assist the poor whom He had confided to her care. Up to this time Margaret had lived in the Palazzo Moscardi, the palace of the ladies who had given her hospitality on her first arrival in Cortona. Though in this house she had but a little cell separated from the other part of the house and its occupants, yet a palace and its neighbourhood to the world did not seem to be a fitting dwelling for one who had become a Tertiary. Margaret therefore sought and obtained from the charity of her benefactresses a poor dwelling in the street beyond the Porta Berarda, where she might live in silence and alone. In order that our Saint might unite herself more closely to God, she wished to free herself from everything that could attach her to the earth; she accordingly discontinued the services which she had been used to render to women in childbirth; she ceased also to be present at baptisms, to which mothers would invite her, in the belief that her presence would bring a blessing on their offspring.

In a short time nothing would be left to Margaret but her solitary cell, in which she might weep for her sins, and the Church of St. Francis, which she frequented to be nearer to God, and to fortify her soul with His word which was preached in it by the Franciscan Fathers. But to reach the church, Margaret had to go out into the street, and she feared even for this short distance to set her foot in the world which had been the cause of her sin. Earnestly did she wish to fly to some solitude, to be alone, that she might prepare for the time when God would call her to Himself.

God, Who had destined Margaret to be a means of withdrawing sinners from their sin, and at the same time of purifying herself yet more from her own, did not for some time permit the accomplishment of her desire. As Margaret was prevented from retiring into actual solitude, she endeavoured to form a hermitage in her own heart. On her way through the streets to church, Margaret kept her eyes fixed on the ground, so that she might

avoid seeing anyone or anything. She guarded her ears likewise from useless talk, and put a restraint on her tongue, only speaking when the honour of God or the good of her neighbour required her to do so. Margaret seldom opened her door to anyone, and then but for a short time, and for no other purpose than to speak of God. With these rare exceptions, the silence of her cell was unbroken—nothing was heard in it, save during the hours of the night, when it resounded with her lamentations and the strokes of the scourge.

Though there was tranquillity in Margaret's cell, still she did not find within it that perfect peace for which she sought. A storm was raging within her soul, owing to the intense desire she had to feel assured of the forgiveness of her sins. It was Satan who brough back her former sins to her remembrance and endeavoured to make her despair. He would tempt her with the thought that after all she was still in her sins, that the peace of mind which she had enjoyed was but a woman's fancy. In this anguish of soul a cold sweat would break out on her, and her despairing cries reveal the fear that overwhelmed her. Though she made her fasts yet more strict, her disciplines more frequent, her prayers more prolonged, the disturbed state of her soul often prevented her from approaching Holy Communion, or if she did approach, it was with fear and trembling as if she who had sinned so deeply was unworthy of a love which was the privilege of more faithful souls.

All these trials developed in Margaret new characteristics, for her doubts and fears led her to the feet of her confessor and, purified by the furnace of interior trials, the last remnants of earthly miseries were burnt out, and the contrite penitent became the future saint.

Margaret, like other servants of God, was raised to a height of sanctity to be an example to us. We see in her a singular love of the poor whom she tended in their needs, often saving for them what was necessary for her own sustenance. Nor did she relieve their bodily wants only, but she took the deepest interest in their sorrows and in the welfare of their souls.

St. Margaret teaches us in this our day that there is no other way to solve our social difficulties than to take a Christian's view of poverty and of wealth. If there were more who, like Margaret, would make themselves instruments in God's hands to teach the poor to be contented with their lot, and the rich that this world is not our Heaven, then mutual misunderstanding would cease, and the two classes who now look coldly on one another would be united by that love which is bred by charity.

She had known what it was to be in affliction ; the heart of Margaret was able to be a help to others. As she had been a sinner, so she was able to lead back those who had wandered from the right path ; she became a true comforter of the afflicted.

The life of St. Margaret was not only one of edification for all those who lived in Cortona, but for all who read of it in the *Leggenda*, written by her confessor, Fra Giunta, how God drew her more and more to Himself, and how our Saint in turn corresponded with the graces which He conferred upon her. In this biography are to be read God's dealings with the soul of Margaret, favours she would willingly have concealed, had she not been enjoined by her confessor to make them known. They give us courage to follow the footsteps of her who blotted out her sin by the fervour of her penance. They show, too, how great was Margaret's charity towards her neighbour, whose spiritual maladies she was instrumental in healing. Still, amidst all the gratitude and praise for the good she effected, she kept the humility of a penitent, considering herself to be still a sinner.

Prayer was a necessity to our Saint, and in her prayer she embraced the Church triumphant, militant, and suffering, so that her charity was as universal as her faith. She not only prayed to the Saints ; she always endeavoured to imitate their virtues. The holy souls suffering in purgatory, were objects of Margaret's special zeal and love, and at her last hour those holy souls that she had been instrumental in freeing from Purgatory, came to lead her soul to heaven. Amongst the living, too, all who needed help, shared in the benefit of her

prayers, and many experienced the effect of her powerful intercession. To God alone is known the result of such never-failing charity.

Though but a frail woman, Margaret had an influence on her age. Her virtues were an edification to all. To the turbulence of the time Margaret opposed her gentleness. To the licentiousness of the age, she gave an example of austerity of life. To the troubled in body and mind she gave consolation, and, like our Lord Himself, she went about doing good. As a penitent, few were like her, and she sanctified herself in a period which appeared so unfavourable to sanctity. She taught all how much, with the help of Divine Grace, a strong will and a firm purpose can accomplish.

Poor and humble as Margaret's life was, she yet left to posterity two valuable works, the first a form of community life in the Third Order for those who wished to live retired from the world. They took the name of *Poverelle*—Poor Little Ones—from the name by which our Lord had called Margaret when speaking to her in the Church of St. Francis; and this institute existed almost till our own day. The other work that Cortona owes to Margaret was a hospital which still goes by the name she gave it, of Our Lady of Mercy—*Sta. Maria della Misericordia*.

Through all this active life spent for the good of others, Margaret never allowed herself to relax the severity of her penances or the austerity of her life, and these years of penitential exercises wonderfully endeared her to our Lord.

At last, our Saint, who had long desired greater solitude that she might give herself more completely to God, retired to a desert place on the hill above Cortona. Here the last nine years of her life continued to be spent in penance and in prayer.

As Margaret's earthly career drew to its close, she sighed more than ever after that Heaven where she longed to be, nor was our Lord, on His part, less desirous to receive His faithful penitent and loving child into His eternal embrace, to place her, as He had said, in the

choir of virgins, to sing for ever the praises of Him, Who had drawn her from the depths of sin to make her a signal example of His never-failing mercy to the penitent sinner.

Margaret, who had been told by God that the appointed hour for her departure from the world would not be long delayed, received with a great joy the welcome tidings that now at length the day was at hand. During the last days of her life, Margaret's only food was the Blessed Eucharist.

At the announcement that Margaret's end was approaching, all Cortona was filled with grief. Many went up to the little Church of St. Basil, close to which was her poor dwelling, to see the dying Saint, and to gather from her lips some words of edification.

Margaret received with joy those whom she had loved so well and served so tenderly, but her thoughts were absorbed with God, and she sought not to prolong farewells which would prevent the intercourse of her soul with her Creator.

The morning of the 22nd of February dawned, and the soul of Margaret passed into the unveiled Presence of God to receive the reward which she had so earnestly striven by her life of penance to gain.*

In the days of her vanity, when one of her companions reproached her for her conduct, Margaret had replied, "Never fear, the day will come when I shall be called a saint; yes, I shall be a saint, and pilgrims will come to my shrine." This, which we may call a prophecy, is now literally fulfilled.

From Cortona and the neighbouring villages, crowds come to venerate "Santa Margherita" on the day of her feast, the 22nd February, as also on that of the translation of her relics, the Sunday within the Octave of the Ascension. Before ascending the hill to the church in which the body

* To those of our readers who wish a short but fuller life of St. Margaret of Cortona, we recommend the "*Nuovo Compendio della Vita di S. Margherita dei Cortona*," published by Meucci, Salvoni and Co., Cortona, 1886, from which much of the above sketch is taken.

of St. Margaret lies, the pilgrim, if he be a stranger to Cortona, will stay a moment in the Piazza at the foot of the hill, to gaze on the beautiful vale of the Chiano which stretches out before him. On the lower slopes of a mountain range which bounds the view, he will see the towers and domes of Montepulciano, where part of St. Margaret's life was spent. Under the peak of Monte Citone, but at some distance from it, one acquainted with this country can distinguish the little hill on which Laviano, St. Margaret's birth-place, stands. As she went on her errands of mercy in Cortona, our Saint would have had these two spots frequently in view, and so might say with David, "My sin is always before me."

To the left are the blue waters of the beautiful Lake of Thrasimene. Turning his back reluctantly on such a scene of beauty, the pilgrim ascends the hill to the church of Santa Margherita. As he stands on the level ground in front of the church, he reads the words: "Penitenti Margheritæ."

The pilgrim enters and takes a hasty glance around, for he is impatient to approach the High Altar to venerate the Saint whose body rests above it. It is a modern church, devotional in character. St. Francis and other Saints look down from their brackets between the arches. In the right hand transept is the statue of St. Margaret, and over the altar in the same transept is a wooden crucifix, somewhat rude in execution, but of the greatest interest, for this is the crucifix that in the church of San Francesco spoke to St. Margaret. Pausing for a moment before the High Altar, the pilgrim sees a sarcophagus which rests against the wall of the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. It is the work of the great sculptor, Giovanni Pisano. In this sarcophagus the venerated body of St. Margaret once lay. A marble tablet on a pillar near the chapel tells the pilgrim that on this spot was the humble room where Margaret spent nine years in penance and in prayer, and that here on the 22nd February, in the year 1297, as a victim of penance, she died and went to enjoy the Beatific Vision, having by common accord been given the title of Saint. The

pilgrim now kneels before the High Altar, and there he sees in the rich metal shrine the incorrupt body of St. Margaret, the object of his pilgrimage.

A Franciscan father, to a pilgrim like himself, remarks that the body of St. Aloysius, whose life was spotless, has followed the ordinary course of nature, whilst the body of Margaret, once a sinner, has nevertheless been preserved. And does not this, he went on to say, show God's love for the penitent and for that innocence which has been regained by penance?

The body lies with the head to the left, a white cap or veil covers the head, a dress of flannel, marked with squares formed by dark lines, covers the body. The hands, which are small, are crossed on the breast, and the feet are bare. The nails of the hands are perfect, but of the colour of an acorn that has fallen ripe from the tree in autumn time. The skin, of a greyish colour like the parchment covering of a book, is tightly drawn over the bones of the face. The sockets of the eyes are deeply sunk—the eyelashes wanting, the lips compressed. The whole aspect is that of peace, and the pilgrim feels as if he could gaze for long hours on this countenance which so rivets his attention. It has been said that an odour of sweetness comes from the venerated body, and that the mark of the stone with which Margaret struck her face to disfigure its beauty is yet to be seen upon it.

On the eve of the Feast, the canons from the Cathedral of Cortona walk in procession from the Cathedral, clad in copes, preceded by a crossbearer, with ecclesiastics in surplices, to venerate the body. They kneel around the altar and sing a hymn to St. Margaret with its versicle, response and prayer, ‘O Margarita pœnitens,’ &c., and the prayer ended, they return back as they came to the town.

The pilgrim goes down to the town and, as he does so, visits the Church of St. Francis, where St. Margaret was wont to pray before an altar, when the crucifix, now transferred to her own church, spoke to her, addressing her as “*Poverella*,” and asking her what she wished for. In passing through the streets he sees how the people of

Cortona venerate "Santa Margherita." There is her statue on the Piazza of the Cathedral, and at no great distance a picture of the Saint before which several lamps are lighted to honour the saint whom they so deeply love.

On the feast itself, the pilgrims from Laviano, the birthplace of St. Margaret, ascend the hill to the church to venerate the body of their countrywoman, and as they come near, they sing a penitential hymn. They have started in the early morning and walked the miles that separate Laviano from Cortona, and arrive in time for the High Mass. After the procession has entered the church, which already full, is now packed with a dense crowd, the pilgrims come up to the altar. They are headed by a picture of the Saint borne by a woman from the village. Then comes the crucifix with lamps on either side, and the processional cross, and after it the villagers and girls complete the procession which passes several times round the High Altar, above which is exposed the body of the Saint, and as they do so, they sing hymns in plaintive notes. So crowded is the church now, that even the choir of the Friars, which is behind the altar, is filled with people, who, eager to see their Saint, find it difficult or impossible to find room elsewhere. Those in the church crowd up, clustering like a swarm of bees round the altar.

But evening has come, and the officers of the municipality arrive to close in the shrine; for the body of St. Margaret is under their custody. First, however, the Father Guardian enters the church, vested in a cope. He kneels with his attendants before the Altar, over which hangs St. Margaret's crucifix, the very one that had spoken to the Saint. After a few prayers have been said, and a curtain drawn before the crucifix, he passes on to the High Altar, where a hymn is sung and some prayers recited. When these are ended, the Guardian rises, turns to the people and says, "Let us devoutly recite a Pater, Ave, and Gloria in honour of St. Margaret, that she may obtain for us a good and holy death." The prayer over, the Guardian has mounted the Altar, and wipes

with a cloth the glass which closes in the shrine. He then draws a curtain before it, and St. Margaret's body is lost to sight, but not to the love and veneration of the pilgrim.

When the Father and his assistants have retired, the members of the municipality now come forward. Two, with lighted candles, kneel at the side of the altar, whilst other two close the shrine with a massive iron-bound board, which they lock in three places. They then place before it an antependium, on which is a representation of the Saint's body as it lies in the tomb. This too is locked, the candles are extinguished, and the feast is over for that year.

May the love of St. Margaret of Cortona be to us and to all poor sinners, a pledge of God's goodness and infinite pity !





St. Pius V.

(1504-1572.)

BY THE REV. BERTRAND WILBERFORCE, O.P.

ST. PIUS was one of the many saints raised up by Almighty God to be pillars of the Church amidst the calamities of the sixteenth century. Born in 1504, in the pontificate of Julius II.—the Pope who began the erection of St. Peter's Basilica—elected Pope himself in 1566, and dying in 1572, he saw the greater part of that eventful century.

Between the date of his birth and that of his election to the See of St. Peter, as many as nine Popes governed the Church, Leo X., who condemned Luther, and Clement VII. being of the number.

He was born in the reign of Henry VII. of England; was a child of five when Henry VIII. ascended the throne; lived through the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary; became Pope when Elizabeth had been eight years Queen, and died during her reign.

His lot therefore was cast in troubled times, and as a champion of God and the Church, he saw much active service, and enjoyed few peaceful days.

His family name was Ghislieri, his birthplace the little town of Bosco, not far from Alexandria in Lombardy. His family, though of noble descent, had been

reduced to poverty, and his father's whole property was a small vineyard and a flock of sheep. The Saint was born in 1504, and received in baptism the name of Michael, a fitting name for one destined to be so brave a warrior and captain in the cause of God and the Church. His boyhood was passed, like that of David, in keeping his father's sheep, but the desire to devote his life to the service of God sprang up very early in his mind, and he spent much of his time in humble prayer that a vocation to the priesthood might be vouchsafed to him. The poverty of his parents appeared an insuperable difficulty, but God, Who intended the young shepherd to become the Universal Pastor, led two Dominican religious to his father's house. Charmed with the boy, they offered to educate him gratuitously, and Michael, with his father's blessing, joyfully accompanied them, rapidly progressed in his studies, and made his profession in the Convent of Voghera on May 18, 1521. Only two days before, Ignatius Loyola was wounded at Pampelona. Leo X. was Pope, and Luther had just burnt the Papal Bull, and declared war against the Church, so that God was secretly preparing two saints to oppose the enemy.

After completing his course of studies, and taking degrees in philosophy and theology, he was appointed to read these sacred sciences with the students in the convents of Reggio, Pavia and Parma, an office he fulfilled to the satisfaction of all. At Parma he defended publicly before the Fathers of the Provincial Chapter thirty propositions directed against the recent errors of Luther, and the auditors agreed in their applause of the learning and talent combined with genuine modesty and humility of the young professor, who received the degree of Master in Theology. His diligence was extreme and his application incessant. Idleness he held in detestation, and all the recreation he needed was the change of serious pursuits; from scientific study to spiritual reading; from prayer to active works of charity. His observance of rule was exact, his conviction being that penance was a necessary law until the end of life.

During the whole of his life as a religious, he never ate meat, kept most carefully the long fast from September till Easter, and rose for midnight Matins with unfailing regularity. During the many years in which he was engaged in teaching, the Constitutions dispensed him from night Office, but he would never avail himself of the dispensation, saying that it would only encourage the flesh to rebel against the spirit.

As Prior, at different times, in the convents of Vigano, Soncino and Alba, in the Province of Lombardy, one of his principal aims was to promote earnest and constant study of Scripture and theology among the religious, for he considered sacred learning as an essential part of the spirit of the Order of St. Dominic. He devoted himself with burning zeal to the duty of preaching, and, when thus engaged, he used to travel on foot, keeping silence, so that, like St. Dominic, he might converse with God.

During the period of his office as Superior at Alba, an opportunity presented itself for the display of that intrepid courage and determination which was one of his most remarkable characteristics. Three hundred ruffians, disbanded soldiers of the French army, presented themselves one day before the gates of the Convent of the Dominican nuns, with the intention of plundering the house and insulting the poor helpless Sisters. Father Michael was happily at hand, and, fearlessly meeting them at the door, commanded them, with an air of great authority, to depart at once, threatening them with the anger of God if they dared to molest the nuns. Cowed by his words and the courage he displayed, they changed their purpose and left the Convent in peace.

The Governor of Milan appointed Father Michael his almoner, and though large sums of money thus passed through his hands, he steadily refused to accept any personal gift, and even for his community he would only allow alms of small value. He would not accept the gift of a cloak to protect himself from the rain, though he was obliged to walk many miles to hear the confession of the Governor. "A Superior," he used to say, "is

bound to set an example to his subjects ; and to avoid all the inconveniences of poverty, with the reputation of being poor, is absurd."

The next office entrusted to Father Michael was one of much importance, and entailed constant labour and vigilance. He was appointed Inquisitor for the north of Italy, and one of his special duties was to prevent the introduction of heretical books by the passes of the Alps. The very name of "Inquisitor" has an evil sound in this country, and even many Catholics have very vague ideas as to the functions of the Inquisition. Speaking broadly, the Inquisitor was the public guardian of the faith and morals of the people. Without attempting to write an apology for the Inquisition, it may be useful to state the principle upon which it was founded. We must remember then that what is called in our days "religious liberty"—that is, the supposed right of every one not only to believe in his own mind, but also to preach and teach, his own opinions upon revealed truth, however repugnant those opinions may be to the doctrine of the Church—was utterly unknown anywhere in the 16th century. There was only one Church throughout Christendom, with the Pope at its head. The Church was acknowledged by all as a spiritual kingdom founded by Christ, teaching and ruling by His authority ; and all men considered it the duty not only of the Church, but of the secular government also, to prevent heresy being preached or disseminated by books among the people. All government was then what we should call "paternal," and as only one Church, and one revealed doctrine was recognized, it was considered high treason against God and the authority of the State to allow false doctrine to be preached. A father of a family would consider himself guilty if he allowed blasphemous or immoral books to be introduced into his house or taught to his children, and at that time all authorities, ecclesiastical and lay, considered it not only their right, but their positive duty, to prevent the spread of heresy, and to punish it as a crime.*

* The Catholic idea of the Inquisition will be found very clearly explained in the *Clifton Tracts*. See also *The Spanish Inquisition*, by the Rev. Sidney F. Smith, S.J. ; Catholic Truth Society, rd.

To prevent the introduction of heretical books into Italy was one of the duties of Fr. Michael's office. His head-quarters were at Como, and he was often obliged to make laborious journeys on foot, over ice and snow in winter, along dangerous ravines and steep mountain paths, and under the burning sun in summer; but his last thought was to spare himself, when the interests of souls were at stake. He was ever ready to preach, instruct, exhort; but with his companion on the way he conversed but little, and only on spiritual things.

Early in 1551 the business of his office brought Fr. Michael to Rome. Some months of that year he spent in peaceful retirement and prayer in the Convent of St. Sabina. He was now forty-seven, and this short breathing time was evidently appointed for him to prepare him for the labours that awaited him in the future, and increased with every year of his life. It was as if our Lord had said to him: "Come apart into a desert place and rest a little," St. Mark vi. 31. The cell he sanctified by his prayer and penance during these precious months has been changed into a chapel.

In June, the Commissary of the Holy Office died, and, by the influence of Cardinal Caraffa, Father Michael Ghislieri was appointed to occupy that important and dignified position. For some time he lodged in the Cardinal's palace, but with all the simplicity and poverty of his convent life. Moved with the most tender compassion for the poor criminals confined in the ecclesiastical prisons, he visited them constantly, doing his utmost to win their confidence and their souls. Above all, he instructed them most patiently and carefully in matters of faith, and left no argument untried to convert them, while his prayers for them were unceasing night and day. At the first sign of good disposition, he showed them every mark of kindness, and invited them to dine at his own table.

Cardinal Caraffa became Pope in 1555, under the title of Paul IV. During the conclave, the whole authority

vested in the Cardinals of the Holy Office was entrusted to Father Michael Ghislieri, a position never bestowed on any other prelate; and soon after, Paul IV. obliged him to accept the united bishoprics of Nepi and Sutri. Immediately after consecration, the new Bishop visited his diocese with great care, remedied abuses, and established discipline among the clergy; while he introduced practices of piety, especially that of frequent Communion among the faithful. He then made an earnest petition to the Pope to allow him to resign his dignity and to retire to the peace of his convent life, a request which Paul IV. met by creating him Cardinal. From the place of his birth, he was always known as the Cardinal Alessandrino, though his titular Church was the Dominican one of the Minerva. Paul IV. also appointed him to the office of supreme and perpetual Inquisitor for the whole world, giving orders that all bishops should recognise him as their superior in matters belonging to the functions of the Holy Office; a power, says the bull of canonization, never before or since given to anyone. Accordingly a thousand difficult and delicate cases were submitted to his judgment from all quarters, and he became the leader of the forces of the Church militant in those troubled times.

Paul IV. dying at the age of 83, in 1559, was succeeded by Pius IV., who translated Cardinal Alessandrino to the See of Mondovi in Piedmont. The whole face of the diocese quickly changed under his zealous rule, and after a general visitation, he appointed a coadjutor and returned to his duties in Rome. The last Session of the Council of Trent was then sitting, and some of the Cardinals, among them St. Charles Borromeo and Cardinal Alessandrino, were retained in Rome to form the Council of the Pope. The courage of the holy Cardinal was shown not only against the enemies of the faith, but in more delicate cases, in which he felt obliged to withstand even Cephias, in the person of Pius IV., to the face. Such was the influence of his straightforward and disinterested boldness, that Cardinal Bassuto often declared that the opinion of Cardinal

Alessandrino outweighed that of all the rest of the Sacred College combined. In 1564 he was so dangerously ill that his death, to his own great joy, appeared certain, and he composed a simple epitaph for his tomb; but God had other designs, and restored him to health. In the next year, Pius IV. died, assisted in his last moments by St. Charles Borromeo and St. Philip Neri.

Cardinal Newman thus describes the conclave that followed:—"It is remarkable that Cardinal Alessandrino was not the first object of his [St. Charles Borromeo's] choice. His eyes were first turned on Cardinal Morone, who . . . had served the Church on various occasions with great devotion and with eminent success. . . . Such then was the choice of St. Carlo, and the votes were taken; but it seemed otherwise to the Holy Ghost. He wanted four to make up the sufficient number of votes. St. Carlo had to begin again; and again, strange to say, the Cardinal Alessandrino was not his choice. He chose Cardinal Sirleto, a man most opposite in character and history to Morone . . . St. Pius, as well as St. Carlo, advocated the cause of Cardinal Sirleto, and the votes were given a second time; a second time they were short. It was like holy Samuel choosing Eliab instead of David. . . . At length and at last, the Cardinal Alessandrino himself began to attract attention . . . It was just at this moment that our own St. Philip was in his small room at St. Girolamo, with Marcello Ferro, one of his spiritual children, when, lifting up his eyes to heaven and going almost into an ecstasy, he said: 'The Pope will be elected on Monday.' On one of the following days, as they were walking together, Marcello asked him who was to be Pope. Philip answered, 'Come, I will tell you; the Pope will be one whom you have never thought of, and whom no one has spoken of as likely; and that is Cardinal Alessandrino; and he will be elected on Monday evening without fail.' The event accomplished the prediction; the statesman, the man of the world, the accomplished and exemplary and amiable scholar, were put aside to make way for the Saint. He

took the name of 'Pius,' at the particular request of St. Carlo, and out of respect to the late Pope. It was some time before he could be induced to utter the word, 'Acceptamus—we accept,' prescribed by the ceremonial, and when at last he did so, it was with a profound sigh, repeating several times:—"As a simple friar, I had great hopes of salvation; as a bishop, I had much fear; but as Pope, how can I hope!"

The coronation of the new Pope took place on January 7, 1566, the anniversary of his birth and baptism. He was sixty-two years old. He began his reign by abundant alms, but instead of having gold pieces thrown to the crowd, according to custom, he distributed double the ordinary amount to persons known to be deserving. Moreover, in place of expending a large sum yearly in providing a banquet for cardinals and ambassadors, he bestowed it on the poor, saying: "The Sovereign Judge will not reproach me for not feasting the rich, but He would, were I to neglect the poor." When told that many trembled when they heard of his election, owing to his reputation for severity and inflexible justice, he replied: "By the grace of God, I will treat them so kindly, that they will be more afflicted at my death than they are now frightened at my election."

On the day that he went in solemn procession to the Basilica of St. John Lateran, to take possession of it as Bishop of Rome, he recognised in the crowd one of the inhabitants of Bosco, named Francis Bastoni, who had formerly done him some little services. The humble are always grateful, and the Holy Father called Bastoni to his litter, gave him his blessing, reminding him of the kindness he had shown him when a simple religious, and appointed him Governor of the Castle of St. Angelo. A peasant in like manner, who had sheltered him during the night when he was flying from those who sought his life near Bergamo, was sent for by the Pope. As he stood abashed before the Pontiff, not knowing why he had been summoned, the Holy Father said with a most kind expression: "My good man, you do not

recognise me ; I am that Dominican religious whom you sheltered sixteen years ago. I have never forgotten your kind hospitality, and desire to make you some return." He then ordered an abundant dowry to be given to the man's two daughters, gave him five hundred crowns for himself, and had lodgings in the Vatican provided for him as long as he remained in Rome.

In his description of the character of the holy Pope, Cardinal Newman says : " I do not deny that St. Pius was stern and severe, as far as a heart burning within and melted with the fulness of divine love could be so ; and this was the reason why the Conclave was so slow in electing him. Yet such energy and vigour as his was necessary for his times. He was emphatically a soldier of Christ in a time of insurrection and rebellion, when, in a spiritual sense, martial law was proclaimed. St. Philip, a private priest, might follow his bent, as he expressed it, in casting his net for souls and enticing them to the truth ; but the Vicar of Christ had to right and to steer the vessel when it was in rough waters, and among breakers. A Protestant historian on this point does justice to him. ' When Pope,' writes Ranke, ' he lived in all the austerity of his monastic life, fasted with the utmost rigour and punctuality, would wear no finer garments than before . . . arose at an extremely early hour in the morning, and took no siesta . . . The people were excited to enthusiasm, when they saw him walking in procession, barefooted and bare-headed, with the expression of unaffected piety in his countenance, and with his long snow-white beard falling on his breast. They thought there never had been so pious a Pope ; they told each other how his very look had converted heretics. Pius was kind too, and affable ; his intercourse with his old servants was of the most confidential kind. At a former time, before he was Pope, the Conte della Trinità had threatened to have him thrown into a well, and he had replied, that it must be as God pleased. How beautiful was his greeting to this same Conte, who was now sent as ambassador to his court. " See," said he, " how God preserves the innocent !" This was the

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only way in which he made the Count feel that he recollected his enmity. He had ever been most charitable and bounteous; he kept a list of the poor of Rome, whom he regularly assisted according to their station and their wants."

Though the reign of Pius V. only lasted six years and a half, his energy was so immense and his activity so incessant that he was able in that short space of time to effect a marvellous reformation in the Church throughout the world, as well as in the condition of the Roman States. His own household was regulated like a religious community, and he exhorted the Cardinals to follow his example. He reformed the administration of justice, enacted stringent laws to suppress immorality, blasphemy, gambling and other disorders; and to punish offenders more certainly, he concerted measures with the governments of Tuscany and Naples for the extradition of criminals. Highwaymen infested the roads leading to Rome, and by the Pope's command, the parish authorities and landowners were held responsible for the safety of the roads passing through their property.

A story about one of these highwaymen, named Marino, illustrates the character of Pius. Marino was a notorious brigand chief, and knowing how anxious the Pope was to stop his depredations, a countryman presented himself at the Vatican, with a plan for his capture. "How do you propose to effect it?" asked the Pontiff. "Holy Father," returned the man, "being his friend, he will trust me. I will invite him to dinner at my house in the mountains, and then he can easily be seized." "What!" exclaimed Pius, "you intend to betray him under the mark of friendship? God forbid that I should share in such treachery!" Hearing of this answer, Marino quitted the papal territory, and never returned.

The mission of St. Pius V. may be stated in one sentence—he was raised up to be the executive authority of the Council of Trent in the Universal Church. "It is certain," writes Ranke, "that his deportment and mode of thinking exercised an incalculable influence on his

contemporaries, and on the general development of the Church of which he was the head . . . his zeal and his example combined produced the most powerful effect." In our own times the Church suffers much from the attacks of infidel governments and the plots of secret societies, but her internal unity and organization, and the loyalty of Catholics to the Holy See, were never more perfect. Modern science has so annihilated distance, that the Pope can now communicate with the remotest part of the world more speedily and certainly than formerly with the neighbouring states of Italy, or even with outlying portions of his own territories. Moreover, the bishops of the whole world, closely united with the Holy See, and animated by its spirit, are resident in their own dioceses, and labouring for the salvation of their flocks. The clergy are educated in seminaries, and many pass a part at least of their course of studies in Rome itself. Numberless Orders and Congregations of women as well as men are engaged in every kind of active charity, and especially in the work of education. Three centuries ago, matters were very different. Seminaries did not exist, and often men received sacred orders without any guarantee of an ecclesiastical vocation, and, where the Church was still rich, frequently with very worldly and mercenary designs. Bishops were often absent from their sees and priests from their parishes, while the people, being left without instruction, became corrupt in morals, and an easy prey to heretical teachers. These lamentable abuses gave rise to the decrees of the Council of Trent, for the residence of bishops and parish priests, for the instruction of the faithful, and the establishment of ecclesiastical seminaries—a measure so salutary for the Church, that after it was signed in the twenty-third session, many of the venerable prelates showed their joy by embracing each other with tears.

But legislation, however wise, is powerless for good without a determined, energetic, and yet prudent, executive. This the Council found in Pius V. In the collection of Papal Bulls called the "*Bullarium*," one hundred and twenty-one Apostolic decrees, on a vast

variety of subjects for the well-being of the Church, and the enforcement of ecclesiastical discipline, are the work of Pius V., and justify the expression of the Dominican liturgy for his feast: "Pius, as a flaming torch, illuminated the world, to direct our feet into the way of peace." These documents may be divided into three classes: those that regulate the liturgy and ecclesiastical discipline; those that regard the religious orders; and those relating to the temporal government of the States of the Church. Seven bulls are concerned with the reformation of the liturgy and worship of the Church, and order the revision of the Breviary, Missal, and other books. This work was entrusted to the members of the Theatine Order recently established by St. Cajetan, and when the task was finished, Pius commanded these new books to be used by all the churches of the Latin rite, with the exception of certain churches and religious orders possessing a liturgy more than two centuries old, and already approved by the Apostolic See. By this arrangement, the Benedictines, Carthusians, Dominicans and Carmelites preserved the ancient form of their Offices. The Cathedral of Milan kept the Ambrosian rite. This accounts for the peculiarities in the Mass said by Dominican fathers, the Dominican rite being almost identical with the Roman rite in the thirteenth century.

St. Pius also published the Catechism of the Council of Trent, which is a handbook of the teaching of the Council, composed by three Dominican fathers, assisted by Poggiani, the learned secretary of St. Charles Borromeo. It appeared first in 1566, and was at once translated into several languages. There are several English translations; and Catholics desiring solid instruction in religious matters could not do better than study a book of such high authority.

By command of the Pope, a new edition of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas was prepared, with the utmost care to secure the most accurate text; and it is interesting to know that in the British Museum there is a superb copy of this edition, printed on vellum, given by Pius V. to the King of Spain. On many of the pages the arms

of the holy Pontiff are emblazoned. In his devotion to St. Thomas, whom he declared to be a Doctor of the Church, St. Pius is followed in the present day by Leo XIII., who has declared the holy Doctor Patron of Catholic Schools, and has ordered a special edition of his works, which is still in course of publication.

St. Pius favoured, and did good service to, all the religious orders of the Church, though he showed severity where it was deserved. One well-known example is related in the life of St. Charles Borromeo. The holy Archbishop had taken measures to reform the Order of the Humiliati, which was thoroughly disorganized and relaxed. One of these so-called religious actually fired at the Archbishop, whose life was saved miraculously. St. Pius, in spite of the intercession of St. Charles, suppressed the whole Order.

A study of his dealings with all the governments of Europe during his reign, impresses the mind of the reader with admiration for his sublime character and genius. The eagle eye of the great Pontiff seemed to be everywhere; no evil escaped his notice, no virtue was there that he did not praise, no suffering in which his heart did not sympathise. Above all was he on fire with holy zeal when he saw the faith in danger. His policy had no earthly aim, no worldly ambition ever tainted its purity; it was for God only, and animated by the Holy Spirit. Wonderful is it to see this humble religious, a man loving solitude, recollection and prayer, placed on the watch-tower of Israel, scanning the whole world like a general on a battle-field, observing all the movements of kings and nations, detecting the most wily designs of statesmen, meeting open violence with intrepid constancy, and all this for the cause of God and His Church. To extirpate heresy in Europe, to promote the true interior reformation of the Church by enforcing everywhere the decrees of Trent, to defend Christendom from the threatened inroad of the Turks, were the grand objects towards which all his solicitude, all his labours, all his prayers were constantly directed. If space allowed, this could be shown by describing his relations

with all the European countries, with Germany, Austria, Hungary, Poland, France, and the various kingdoms of Italy, as well as the vast dominions in Europe, Africa, and America, that formed the Spanish Empire. One instance is of peculiar interest to us as Englishmen. It was owing to the activity and influence of St. Pius that Malta was preserved from the hideous yoke of the Turks, and is to this day a Christian island.

The heart of the Father of Christendom was full of deep compassion for the suffering Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. He wrote to her letters full of sympathy, comfort and encouragement; and when she was imprisoned by her cousin Queen Elizabeth, the Pope, unable to rescue her, bestowed upon her an inestimable privilege, which reminds us of the times of the early persecutions. As no priest was allowed to visit her, Pius permitted her to administer Holy Communion to herself with consecrated Hosts brought to her by a faithful attendant. "Most dear daughter in Christ," he wrote in one letter to the suffering Queen; "ever since information has reached us of the troubles in your kingdom, caused by your enemies and those of the true faith, we have never ceased to offer prayers for you to God, and to secure those of others. Willingly would we assist you if we could, even at the cost of life itself." On February 25, 1570, St. Pius signed the bull of excommunication against Queen Elizabeth. When, seventeen years later, the trials of Mary Stuart ended on the scaffold, the Pope, who had so deeply sympathised with her, was beyond the reach of sorrow, having departed to his reward fifteen years before.

The most memorable of the public actions of St. Pius was the league, of which he was himself the head, formed against the Turks, the result of which was the battle of Lepanto, which, in the words of Alison, "arrested for ever the danger of Mahometan invasion in the South of Europe." Pius clearly saw the fearful danger threatening Christendom. The Turks had captured the island of Cyprus from the Venetians. To quote again the words of Cardinal Newman, in his lectures on the

Turks: "The Saint found it impossible to move Christendom to its own defence. How indeed was that to be done, when half Christendom had become Protestant, and secretly perhaps felt as the Greeks felt, that the Turk was its friend and ally? In such a quarrel England, France and Germany were out of the question. At length, however, with great effort, he succeeded in forming a holy league between himself, King Philip of Spain, and the Venetians. . . With difficulty were the armies united; with difficulty were the dissensions of the commanders brought to a settlement. Meanwhile the Ottomans were scouring the Gulf of Venice, blockading the ports, and terrifying the city itself.

"But the holy Pope was securing the success of his cause by arms of his own, which the Turks understood not. He had been appointing a triduo of supplication at Rome, and had taken part in the procession himself. He had proclaimed a jubilee to the whole Christian world, for the happy issue of the war. He had interested the Holy Virgin in his cause. He presented to his admiral, after High Mass in his chapel, a standard of red damask embroidered with a crucifix and with the figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the legend, 'In hoc signo vinces.' Next, sending to Messina, where the allied fleet lay, he assured the general-in-chief and the armament, that, 'if, relying on divine, rather than on human help, they attacked the enemy, God would not be wanting to His own cause.' He augured a prosperous and happy issue; not on any light or random hope, but on a divine guidance, and by the anticipations of many holy men. Moreover, he enjoined the officers to look to the good conduct of their troops; to repress swearing, gaming, riot, and plunder, and thereby to render them more worthy of victory. Accordingly, a fast of three days was proclaimed for the fleet, beginning with the Nativity of Our Lady; all the men went to Confession and Communion, and appropriated to themselves the plentiful indulgences which the Pope attached to the expedition. Then they moved across the foot of Italy to Corfu, with the intention of presenting themselves at once to the enemy; being

disappointed in their expectations, they turned back to the Gulf of Corinth; and there at length on the 7th of October, they found the Turkish fleet half way between Lepanto and the Echinades on the North, and Patras in the Morea on the South; and, though it was toward evening, strong in faith and zeal, they at once commenced the engagement.

“The night before the battle, and the day itself, aged as he was, and broken with disease, the Saint had passed in the Vatican in fasting and prayer. All through the Holy City, the monasteries and the colleges were in prayer too. As the evening advanced, the Pontifical treasurer asked an audience of the Sovereign Pontiff on an important matter. Pius was in his bedroom, and began to converse with him; when suddenly he stopped the conversation, left him, threw open the window, and gazed up into heaven. Then closing it again, he looked gravely at his official, and said: ‘This is no time for business; go, return thanks to the Lord God. In this very hour our fleet has engaged the Turkish, and is victorious.’ As the treasurer went out, he saw him fall on his knees before the altar in thanksgiving and joy.

“And a most memorable victory it was—upwards of thirty thousand Turks are said to have lost their lives in the engagement, and three thousand five hundred were made prisoners. Almost their whole fleet was taken. . . . It was a repetition, though under different circumstances, of the history of Leo and the Hun. In the contrast between the combatants, we see the contrast between good and evil: the enemy, as the Turks in this battle, rushing forward with the terrible fury of wild beasts; and the Church, ever combating with the energetic perseverance and the heroic obstinacy of St. Pius.”

As above related, the victory was revealed to St. Pius on the evening it was gained, but it was three weeks after when the official intelligence arrived during the night in Rome. The Pope rose at once, and collected all his household to give thanks to God; and the next day, in all the churches and convents of the city, the *Te*

Deum was solemnly chanted, and thanksgiving was offered with the utmost joy to God for the deliverance of Europe from the Turkish yoke. Before the Christian fleet had sailed from Messina, the Pope had sent rosaries for distribution in his name to all the sailors and soldiers, in order that they might implore the help of the Queen of the Holy Rosary, and might be under her powerful protection. The petition *Help of Christians* was added to the Litany of Our Lady in memory of her assistance at Lepanto; and in a bull, dated March, 1572, in which Pius attributes the victory to the intercession of Our Lady, he grants the Confraternity of the Rosary at Martorell, near Barcelona, the privilege of celebrating a feast every year on October 7. His successor Gregory XIII., in 1573, extended this feast to the whole Church, ordering it to be celebrated on the first Sunday of October. The power of the prayers of the holy Pontiff was so well known, that Soliman II. himself used to say: "I fear the prayers of the Pope more than the arms of his soldiers." Sebastian, King of Portugal, declared that "Christendom owed its success to the prayers and tears of the Pope;" and Sixtus V. engraved on the tomb of St. Pius the words: "He conquered by prayers and arms."

Turning from the stirring events of his public life to the personal character of St. Pius, we find him all the time cultivating with unremitting energy the interior spirit of contemplation and union with God. Conspicuous among his other virtues was the heroic patience he displayed, especially in the grievous illness that afflicted him for many years and of which he ultimately died. He suffered agonies from stone. His refuge in pain was the foot of his crucifix, and his constant prayer was this aspiration, revealing the heroic patience of his soul: "Lord, increase my pain, but increase also my patience." In spite of all he suffered, he persevered in the austerity of his life. The strength to endure his pains amidst his incessant labour was drawn from continual meditation on the passion of our Lord. Before him, on his table, a large crucifix always stood, at the foot of which were written the words of St. Paul: *God forbid that I should*

*glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ,** and before this cross he spent silent hours in prayer. His custom was to kiss the feet of the image of Christ crucified whenever he left or entered the room. On one occasion a dastardly attempt was made to take his life by poison, placed on the feet of this crucifix. When the Pope bowed his head to kiss the feet, he was astounded to see them move away on one side. At first he imagined that he must have offended his Lord, but on examination, the poison was discovered, and he saw that his life had been miraculously preserved. In thanksgiving, he determined to spend himself more generously than ever in the service of his loving Master.

His profound humility is evident throughout his life, and after his promotion to the Chair of St. Peter, his often-expressed desire to abdicate and hide himself in a convent of his Order, was perfectly sincere. He would certainly have carried it into effect, had it not been from a fear of opposing God's will. He often declared that the anxieties of his exalted office were far harder to bear than all the trials of religious life. Nothing more proves the reality of humility, than the love of reproof. As Pius when a Cardinal had always been remarkable for freedom of speech to the Pope, so when himself Pope did he encourage the like spirit in others. Cardinal San Severino was highly praised by him for opposing him warmly in a consistory. When an official of his household was commended in his presence, he agreed in the praise but added: "One defect he has, he never reproofs me." Gratitude for small benefits is another unmistakable sign of humility, and in this Pius was incomparable. Among other stories of his grateful spirit, a touching one is related after he was Pope. He remembered a poor page boy, who years before had carried his cloak and bag on a journey, and had paid a ferryman for him. Pius had enquiries made, brought him to Rome, and gave him employment with a good salary. The same spirit made him the most liberal of masters. He considered the labour of his servants as a personal kindness, was grateful for it, and not content with liberal

* Gal. vi., 14.

wages, he twice a year distributed among them 8,500 crowns of gold. In return, he required all his servants to lead not only moral but religious lives: every day they had to hear Mass and to assemble at night for prayer, and to spend some of the time that remained after their duties in spiritual reading, and if clerics, in study. At eight in the evening, the doors of the Vatican closed.

In his personal life, Pius was even more austere after his elevation than when only a private religious, though his labours demanded superhuman strength. At a very early hour in the morning he rose, and, after a long period of mental prayer, offered the Holy Sacrifice, spending afterwards an hour in thanksgiving. He then gave audiences to prelates and officials till a late hour in the afternoon. In winter, he began work before sunrise, continuing till after dark; and all this time his ordinary food was a dish of bitter herbs with bread, and sometimes two eggs. Meat he hardly touched, and it was only at the earnest persuasion of his doctor and confessor, that he consented to eat it on three days a week, and even then he contented himself with a few morsels. During his last illness, they tried to conceal some meat in his ordinary fare, but the Holy Father perceived it: "For the few days that remain," he said, "would you have me break a rule I have kept, thank God, for fifty-three years?" When told to take care of himself for the sake of the Church, he replied: "I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me; if God wills me to work, He can support me." He drank a small measure of water just coloured with wine. His dress was as simple as the dignity of his office would allow, and secretly he wore to the end the habit of his Order.

In early life, when engaged in preaching, he was in the habit of passing several hours in prayer during the night as a preparation. As Pope, he constantly said that he "could decide nothing really useful for the Church, without consulting the Divine Master in the morning." Often times he was so completely absorbed in prayer that his attendants were obliged to arouse his

attention by pulling his cassock, this being particularly the case when war was being waged with the Turks and Protestants. His devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament was so evident and so touching, that it filled the hearts of others with reverence and love. In the solemn procession on the Feast of Corpus Christi, he would never be carried. With bare head and profound recollection he walked all the way, bearing the Blessed Sacrament. One year a Protestant gentleman from England, who had come to see the procession as a grand pageant, was so struck by the sight of the Pope, that he fell on his knees to adore, and a few days after was received into the Church. Out of love to the mystery of the Incarnation, he made the recitation of the Gospel of St. John at the end of the Holy Mass an obligation for the whole Church. His love for Our Lady was so great that, as Gabuzio says, he never let a day pass, even after he was Pope and overwhelmed with business, without saying the Rosary, and he recommended this devotion to the faithful in five different letters of instruction. It was he, as has been said, who began the great indulgence of Rosary Sunday.

Many historians dwell much upon the severity of St. Pius, and it must be admitted that against crime, his justice was often inexorable; but, on the other hand, his charity knew no bounds, and his sympathy with every form of suffering never failed. All his severity arose from zeal for God, not from personal motives; so much so, that it was commonly said in Rome, "If you want to ensure receiving a favour from the Pope, the best way is to offend him!" A man named Trovossi had been condemned for a satirical lampoon against Pius. The Pope ordered him to repeat the verses in his presence, and then said, "I pardon you, as you have only attacked Father Ghislieri, but if you attack the Pope, I must let the law have its course." When Prior of a convent, he used often to beg from door to door for the poor; and as Commissary of the Holy Office, he devoted the whole of his official income to the support of orphans, widows, and those reduced to poverty from

better circumstances. The first year of his pontificate was one of scarcity, and purchasing corn in Sicily and France, he sold it to the people at very reduced rates. Poor Catholics, driven out of England, Ireland, Scotland and Germany, were bountifully assisted, as well as numerous Christians who had been ransomed or had escaped from the bondage of the Turks.

For cases of pressing want, he kept a well-stocked purse on his table; and one day every month was appointed for poor people who had complaints to make or favours to ask, to be received in audience. Seeing Jesus Christ in the person of His poor, he received them with every mark of joy, comforted them in their sorrows, and declared himself their special Father and protector. Like Leo XIII., he manifested the deepest interest in the "labour questions," as far as they presented themselves in the 16th century, and did all that was possible to assist the agricultural labourer, and to promote industrial works in the towns. He established in Rome a manufactory of woollen goods, and adopted many excellent measures for the benefit of the working classes. Not content with helping the hospitals with large grants of money, he often visited the wards in person, providing for the spiritual and temporal needs of the poor sick, and this especially during a terrible epidemic that raged in the summer of 1566. Considerable sums of money were given by the Pope to be dispensed by Cardinal Gambaza and a committee of twelve laymen; doctors were paid to attend the poor, medicines supplied, and many priests, secular and regular, deputed to administer the last rites to the dying. He showed the utmost compassion for the unhappy prisoners for debt; bore the expense of lawyers to defend them and to protect their rights, helped them by money, and issued several decrees to ameliorate their condition.

His labours of every kind for the conversion of souls were innumerable, and proved the wide and noble charity of his heart. A curious story is related of the conversion of a rich Jewish Rabbi named Carcossi. Pius had often endeavoured to induce him to be baptized, but in vain;

and, one day, to relieve himself from the importunity of his zealous instructor, he said: "Well, I promise to be a Christian when you, Father Michael, become Pope." When elected, Pius sent for Carcosi and claimed the fulfilment of his promise, but finding the Jew unwilling to be converted, he passed the whole night in prayer for him. In the morning, grace had done its work; to the joy of the Pope, the old Rabbi presented himself, with his three sons and his nephew, and asked for baptism, which the Holy Father administered solemnly with his own hand in St. Peter's, gave the Rabbi the name of Michael, and bestowed many favours upon him. Pius also showed the utmost interest in a refuge under the patronage of St. Catherine for penitent women, and authorized the Cardinal, whom he appointed its protector, to take charge of poor girls neglected by their parents, to preserve them from danger of corruption. He also opened free schools in Rome for the education and instruction not only of poor children, but also of servants, working people, and others, who needed elementary training, and particularly instruction in religious matters. With the same object he established a Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, into which many zealous lay people were received and taught catechism to children and others every Sunday and Feast-day.

In January of 1572 the holy Pope fell dangerously ill, and though he recovered enough to continue for a time his usual life, in the following March his sufferings were so severe that the end was evidently approaching. His patience never failed. In the worst paroxysms of agony, he could not refrain from groans, but, prostrate before his crucifix, he would devoutly kiss the sacred wounds, and cry out: "Lord, increase my pain, but increase also my patience." Every day, suffering though he was, he used to say Mass in a chapel adjoining his room, and if quite unable to stand, he at least heard Mass and received Holy Communion. When Holy Week came, he received the Blessed Sacrament on Maundy Thursday as Viaticum. On Good Friday, unable to be present at the function, he prostrated himself, barefoot, before his crucifix, kissing the feet with loving veneration.

The report having gone abroad that he was dead, all Rome was in mourning. Touched by the grief of his people, Pius gathered all his strength and gave his blessing to the crowd in the great square of St. Peter's on Easter Sunday, but afterwards, when one of his ministers spoke to him of some business affair, he dismissed him with the words, "No business of this world is of any consequence to a man just going to die." Shortly after, having blessed the "Agnus Dei" for the last time, he made a general confession of his life, and had the blessing of the Rosary appointed for the hour of death, in order to gain the plenary indulgence. As if refreshed in body by this blessing, he determined to visit the Seven Churches, and venerate the sacred relics, and he walked at first to St. Paul's outside the walls. While proceeding slowly, with faltering step, supported by his weeping attendants, Mark Antony Colonna, the hero of Lepanto, met him, and throwing himself at his feet, begged the Holy Father to take care of a life so precious to the Church, and to enter a litter. The only reply was an earnest exhortation to go at once to renew the campaign against the Turks. When he had reached the basilica of St. John Lateran, the attendants exhorted him to put off the rest of his painful pilgrimage till the next day, but after a moment's prayer, he replied: "He who has done all, will complete His work." At last the Scala Santa was reached, and unable to ascend on his knees, according to custom, St. Pius knelt down, and kissed the first step three times with heartfelt devotion. A number of English Catholics approached to kiss his feet, and raising these exiles for the Faith with much affection, he ordered their names to be taken, that alms might be given them during their stay in Rome; then, looking up to heaven, he said: "O Lord, my God, I am ready, as Thou knowest, to shed my blood for the safety of these Christian heroes, who have given up their goods and their country to preserve their faith!" After relieving some poor, he returned to the Vatican, read twelve documents that he found waiting for him on his table, and then retired to bed, exhausted.

While waiting for death, he spent his time in constant

acts of contrition, hope, love, and thanksgiving, and frequently had the seven penitential psalms read slowly, with a pause after each verse, that he might realise the meaning. In the same manner he ordered the Passion of our Lord to be slowly read to him several times, taking off his skull-cap every time the Holy Name of Jesus was pronounced; after his strength failed him he asked an attendant to lift it for him. Four days before his death he received Holy Communion, and Extreme Unction on the day before his departure. He answered the prayers himself, and then, making a supreme effort, knelt down and prayed for the needs of Holy Church. He then spoke to a number of Cardinals who surrounded his bed with something of the old fire, exhorting them to do all in their power to carry on the crusade against the Turks, and thus to secure to the full the advantage gained at Lepanto. "Give me a successor full of zeal for God's glory, and desirous of nothing but the good of the Church and the honour of the Apostolic See." Shortly after he again kissed the crucifix, and then, devoutly crossing his hands, breathed forth his soul to God. It was five in the afternoon of the 1st of May, 1572. He was sixty-eight, and had reigned six years, three months, twenty-three days.

Clement XI., in 1711, canonized St. Pius, and appointed May 5 for his feast. May he pray in heaven for the Church he loved so dearly on earth!





Saint Anselm.

(1033-1109.)

BY MRS. WARD.

ST. ANSELM was born at Aosta, in the north of Italy, about the year 1033. His parents, Gundulf and Ermenburg, were of noble if not royal descent. They had two children, a son, Anselm, who was some years the elder, and a daughter, Richera.

It has been said that Anselm was devoted by his mother at his birth to a religious life, but that his father, though a pious man, wished him to follow the profession of arms and take his place as Count of Aosta at the head of his estate. However this may be, it is certain that very early Anselm showed a marked predilection for a monastic life, so much so that when he found that his father destined him for a military and courtly career, he prayed for an illness which might prevent his entering that state. This prayer was heard, yet it was some time before he obtained the object of his wishes.

He entered the Abbey of Le Bec in Normandy where he became Prior and subsequently Abbot; and

finding in the peace of a religious life all he could desire, he trusted to remain and end his days in this Monastery to which he had become much attached.

Some of the lands of the Norman monasteries lay in England, and it was necessary for their superiors to visit them from time to time and see how they were being cared for and managed. It fell to Anselm's lot to go to England on this mission on different occasions, and the reputation of his piety, his learning and many gifts procured him a warm reception from both clergy and laity.

Archbishop Lanfranc, the patron and friend of Anselm, had held the See of Canterbury under William the Conqueror, who had greatly looked up to him and valued his advice. There can be little doubt that the first William, with all his faults, much excelled most of his descendants in his reverence for Holy Church and her saintly sons.

Mr. Martin Rule in his interesting life of St. Anselm, says:—

“When William was dying, in speaking of Gerbert Abbot of St. Wandrille, then lately dead, he said: ‘Never have I dishonoured Mother Church: on the contrary, it has been the great desire of my life to show her respect. Never have I made traffic of ecclesiastical preferments, and as to simony, I have always detested and kept clear of it. In the choice of dignitaries I have tried to find out sound doctrine and meritorious life, and so far as in me lay I have entrusted the government of the Church to the worthiest men that were to be had. This my boast has its verification in such men as Lanfranc Archbishop of Canterbury, Anselm Abbot of Le Bec, Gerbert Abbot of Fontenelle, &c., &c., and many others of this my realm whose praise if I mistake not has extended to the very limits of Christendom. Men like these have been my companions in counsel, I have found truth and wisdom in their society, and it has always been a satisfaction and a pleasure to me to avail myself of their advice.’” An interesting incident is related of this King which we must not omit as it

shows the power the teachings of Holy Church have over monarchs and conquerors. When William was lying in his last illness at Rouen, Anselm, whom he had wished to have near him, was ill at Sateville Priory; and whenever any delicacy was sent to the King he sent half of it across the Seine to Abbot Anselm.

On the 28th of May, 1089, Lanfranc died, and William Rufus lost no time in plundering the Church and oppressing his subjects.

Anselm was pressed at this time to visit England again, to see if its more fertile soil would yield grain for the monks of Le Bec, whose corn crops had failed from drought. Some rumours seem to have reached Anselm of the impending Archiepiscopate, which afterwards pressed so heavily upon him. At all events he strove with all his might to avoid this visit, when a summons from the Earl of Chester, a very old and much loved friend, who was grievously ill, overcame his resistance. His tender and loving heart could not refuse to go to his friend, who in his distress declared it was only to Anselm that he could pour out his inmost soul; and to England he went.

He found the country in great confusion. The King had held the See of Canterbury vacant for three years that he might appropriate the revenues, and had treated other Church preferments in the same manner. Even his rough barons were scandalized, and Anselm's saintly presence was hailed amongst them as an omen of better things. The Court of William Rufus was so utterly immoral that it was hardly a fit place for a layman of respectable life, much less for a holy Monk. But Anselm had a duty to do, nor would anything deter him from offering a chance of amendment to the unhappy sinner whom he now approached.

He had entered England for the inspection of the monastic estates, but his first duty was to pay his respects to the King, and as the Court was then at Westminster he repaired thither. The King received him with great apparent cordiality, and they spent some time in conversing together on general subjects.

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He then asked the King to give him a private interview. Anselm's rebuke was filled with holy authority, combined with the sweetness natural to his temperament and influenced by his great piety. But the King only burst out into a forced laugh, and told Anselm it was beneath him to believe all he heard. Anselm, seeing no good was to be effected at that time with the royal reprobate, withdrew.

Some years before this, when Anselm was Prior of Le Bec, an incident occurred which seems to have been known all over England, and which impressed the mind of the nation that he was designed to be their Archbishop. One night when Anselm was retiring to rest, a gold ring was found in his bed, and notwithstanding the enquiries made, no one seemed able to tell how it had come there. But when Lanfranc heard of it he said, "Mark my words, that man will some day be Archbishop of Canterbury."

The religious prestige with which the See of Canterbury—'the Chair of St. Augustine'—was invested by the whole people of England was very great and they felt that a very grievous wrong to the Church, was done by keeping the See vacant so long. The clergy and barons therefore approached William and begged that he would allow prayers to be offered in the churches, that God would vouchsafe by the appointment of a worthy pastor to the Mother Church of the kingdom, to raise her up from her fallen estate. The King was rather indignant at the proposal, but gave the permission, adding with a scornful laugh, that, let the Church pray as she might, he should not desist from doing precisely what he pleased, for that no man's prayer should ever change his will.

The scenes which follow are so remarkable as pictures of the times in which they took place that we prefer now and again to quote Mr. Rule's work, which gives them with much vividness.

The King seems at this time to have been pursuing the pleasures of the chase in a royal park in the west of England. William Rufus, while retaining in his own

hands the See of Canterbury and its revenues, had detained Anselm in England, who, being refused permission to return to his Abbey in Normandy, retired to Arle, a manor belonging to St. Peter's Abbey at Gloster.

One of William's barons had, in the course of conversation, remarked: "We do not know a holier man I am sure than the Abbot of Le Bec, Anselm: he loves nothing but God, and it is as clear as noon-day that his heart is set upon nothing here below." "No, indeed?" asked the King with a sneer, "not even upon the Archbishopric of Canterbury?" "Not even upon that, certainly not," was the curt but respectful reply; "such at least is my conviction and there are many others whoshare it." The King could not restrain himself. "I tell you what," cried the flushed and excited Prince, "he would come clapping his hands and skipping for joy and would throw himself into my arms, if he had the slightest hope of aspiring as high as that, but I swear by the Holy Face of Lucca, that just now neither he nor any other man shall be Archbishop but myself." *

These words would seem to have reached heaven, for scarcely were they spoken when the King was taken dangerously ill. He had been hunting in the royal park of Alveston, in the valley of the Severn, and was carried off in haste to Gloucester, where there was an abbey adjoining the Cathedral, and in a few days Gloucester Castle was filled with the Bishops and other clergy, and the nobles who were expecting the speedy death of the King. They assembled round the dying monarch, and implored him to think of his eternal interests—to free his unhappy captives, to forgive his debtors, and above all, to fill the See of Canterbury, the vacancy of which had degraded the religion of Christ in England.

The sick King was alarmed. Eternity was at hand and William, amidst his wickedness, could not shake off the Faith. He 'believed and trembled.' What now took place we are told by Eadmer, a young monk

* *Life and Times of St. Anselm*, by Martin Rule, vol. 1, p. 323.

who had entered Anselm's service in one of Anselm's visits to England, and remained his devoted follower and historian.

The King, in agonies of terror, cried out for Anselm and insisted that he should be sent for. When Anselm arrived, the Bishops consulted him as to the course to be pursued for the salvation of the wretched King's soul. They said they had already advised him to undo the evils he had done so far as he could. Anselm approved of what had been done, and advised that the King should confess his sins, promising to forsake them should his life be spared, and then see that the advice of the Bishops should be carried out. The room was cleared and Anselm heard his confession.

The King made the most solemn promises of amendment, even going so far as to commit to writing his intentions, and had the great seal affixed to it, and to make them more sacred, he begged the Bishops to lay the sacred rod of sovereignty, one of the ensigns of royalty, on the altar on his behalf. Whilst the procession of the Bishops left the room, carrying the dove-crowned ensign of royalty to the altar, a clerk was instructed to draw up an edict, in which the sovereign proclaimed three acts of indemnity and pledged himself to as many principles of government. All his prisoners whatsoever were thereby set at liberty, all debts due to him irrevocably cancelled, and all offences hitherto committed against his person consigned to lasting oblivion. The document went on to promise good and holy statutes to the King's subjects, strict observance of law and enquiry into all wrongs and abuses. The contents of the parchment were now read to the sick man, who, amidst tears of joy and exclamations of thanksgiving from the charmed and affected by-standers, commanded the Great Seal to be affixed to it.

Anselm, whose duties were now ended, was retiring, wishing to be alone, when some of those present suggested that now was the time to raise the see of Canterbury from her widowhood by appointing an Archbishop. The King, just absolved and under the influence of his

newly-acquired penitence, fervently acquiesced in the suggestion, adding that it was the very thought which occupied his mind. But the Bishops reminded him that he must point out to them the person he desired for the office. The King, still in extreme illness, raised himself in his bed and faintly said, pointing to the Abbot of Le Bec, "That is the good man—I choose Anselm." A murmur of applause filled the chamber from all present except the Abbot, who stood silent and pale as death.

Some of the Bishops attempted to lead him to the King's bedside, but he refused. They remonstrated vehemently, reminding him of the wretched state to which the Church was reduced in England where, said they, the law of Christ had almost become a dead letter and everything was in confusion.

Anselm persisted in his resistance, when the Bishops, exasperated by what they considered his obstinacy, dragged him up to the King's bed and forced the pastoral staff into his hand, holding it there while Bishops, barons, abbots and courtiers, bore him away in the direction of the Church. As they went, a voice sang out, *Te Deum Laudamus*. The clerical members of the moving mob immediately caught it up, and the convoy of laymen shouted as they scuffled along, 'Long live the Bishop.'!*

Thus they gained their Archbishop, and Anselm then learnt that from the Christmas before, communications had been held with Rome, as to the subject of the vacancy of the See of Canterbury, and his name mentioned as the object of the national choice.

When Anselm found himself alone with the lords spiritual and temporal, he turned to them and said, "Do you know what mischief you are planning? You are for yoking to the plough, a poor weak old ewe by the side of an untamed bull. And what will come of it? The savage bull will drag the poor sheep right and left over thorns and briars, and unless the poor thing disengage herself, will dash it to

* Life of St. Anselm, I, 322.

pieces. The plough is the Church, and in England the two best steers of the herd are set to draw the plough and trace the furrow, the King and the Archbishop of Canterbury. The King's business is with temporal justice and rule. The Archbishop's with divine instruction and spiritual government. One of them, Archbishop Lanfranc, has left this earth, and the other—the King—dragging the plough after him at will, has shown the wildness of a bull that nothing can tame, and yet you want to yoke me with him, a feeble ewe with a mad bull.” “The King” said he, “will treat me with cruelty and the Church you are hoping to raise from widowhood will fall into widowhood again with her Pastor still alive.” He added that when the King had persecuted him, he would not fail to wreak his vengeance on his Bishops and barons, who had desired his promotion. More also he spoke as to his fitness for the monastic life and unfitness for the affairs and business into which he would be plunged when Archbishop: and he then burst into tears and retired to his lodging.

Anselm seemed formed for the quiet prayer and contemplation of the cloister, therefore the prospect which now lay before him was the more grievous. He went to his Abbey in Normandy to wind up his affairs, and returning to England, accepted the Archbishopric on certain conditions, of which the first was the restoration of the lands of the See of Canterbury which had been pilfered by the King. The latter made promises of restoring these, which, needless to say, with all other conditions, he did his best to break. But, to the honour of the English nation, all the Barons and some of the Clergy stood by Anselm so much that the lands were at last partially restored.

Six weeks after William Rufus' illness at Winchester he was well again, and with his returning health, all his good promises and resolutions vanished. The illness of the King and his seeming repentance, followed by the forcible election of the Archbishop, took place in March, during the Lent of 1093. By Easter the King was well enough to hold his court at Winchester.

Seeing, as Anselm expresses himself in his parting letter to his monks at Le Bec, that the fear of God and the obedience he owed to Him and His Church compelled him to accept the Archbishopric, he wrote to his broken-hearted monks a letter of farewell, with such holy and pious advice as might be expected from a saint.

The King was now bound to put his new Archbishop in possession of his temporalities, but his ecclesiastical domains and revenues had been so rack-rented by the merciless King, that they could not support an ecclesiastic of exalted position. William, who had for his adviser a man called Renouf, known as the Firebrand, tried hard to keep possession of some of the Church lands, but the barons interposed, and William found that the whole nation was indignant. The monk who seemed so gentle and pliable, was as firm as a rock when he saw the interests of God were involved; and the King had finally to yield.

The good Bishop of Rochester had been the chief promoter of King William's short repentance, and doubtless hoping to confirm him in his good dispositions, he urged him, now that his health was better, to live a better life and walk in holier ways before God. But the reprobate had returned to his wickedness. "Know this, Bishop!" he cried, "that never, by the Holy Face of Lucca, shall God have good for evil out of me!"

It is now that we hear of one of Anselm's first miracles. When the court was assembled at Winchester for the Easter, Anselm, the Bishop of Rochester, and others, were in lodgings in an outskirt of the city, when one night a neighbouring thatch caught fire. The flames spread rapidly, and the dwelling in which the Bishops were was being emptied of its furniture to save what might be saved, when the mistress of the house desired that nothing should be touched, as she had no fear. So long as Archbishop Anselm was there, she and hers were safe. Overhearing this, Dom Baldwin of Tournay, who was with Anselm, begged of the Archbishop to lend his help to their hostess. "What can I do? What assistance

can I render?" asked the humble Archbishop. "Go out," was the reply, "and make the sign of the Cross before the flames; God might perhaps keep them back." "For me?" said Anselm, "no such thing." But the flames increasing, it was needful to seek safety in flight, and no sooner were they out of the burning roof, than Baldwin seized the Archbishop's hand and made the sign of the Cross with it in the face of the conflagration. In an instant the flames collapsed and expired, leaving a house they seized half consumed.

The King had now conveyed to Anselm his temporalities but it was not probable that he would live at peace with a holy Archbishop whose whole heart and care were for the things of God; and war soon began. Anselm had warned his suffragans and barons that if he were forced into the See of Canterbury, that See would be widowed with an Archbishop still alive, and his words were now to be verified.

In all the struggles for power between the kings of England and the Church, it was always Rome that was chiefly attacked, and the Pope especially, as the representative of our Lord.

There was then a rival Pope, Urban II. being the true Pope, and the King of course, made the most of this opportunity of giving trouble to Anselm. William's father had tried to place as a law, one of four customs in virtue of which he claimed the right of recognising a duly appointed Pope, pretending it would appear that meanwhile the disciplinary authority of the Holy See was in his dominions void. In other words, during this interregnum, he deposed the papal power and wished to reign himself instead of it, a proper foreshowing of what Henry VIII. actually accomplished. But the faith of the old Baronage of England in those days was strong, and it was not so easy as in more degenerate times to overcome it. Anselm had, as was then the custom, done homage to the king for his temporalities, but the Pope now forbade Churchmen to perform this act of homage, seeing clearly that it was an invention of princes to obtain the investitures of

Church dignities which belonged alone to the Holy Father. In fact, it made Bishops the slaves, not the servants, of their king.*

On Sunday, September 25th, as morning dawned on the inhabitants of Canterbury, the new Archbishop entered the city. He was met by a long procession of monks and clerks who with songs of joy scarcely audible above the acclamations of the delighted populace led him to the venerable primatial church of Britain. But the King gave no peace to the poor Archbishop, for scarcely had the echoes of the *Te Deum* expired when, insensible to every sentiment of pity or delicacy, Renouf the Firebrand, the King's most evil counsellor, marched into the sacred place. He was come to serve a writ on the new Archbishop. Everyone was shocked at the indignity. "What!" they cried, "might he not pass his first day in peace?"

The account of the first disagreement between the king and the primate may here be given in the words of Matthew Paris, quoted by Mr. Rule. He says: "It was then that William, King of the English, wishing to circumvent Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, rudely demanded of him a present of a thousand pounds, alleging as his reason—and to him it appeared a perfectly just one—that he had accorded a gratuitous assent to the prelate's elevation to the episcopate. But the Archbishop who could see in such a case no difference between paying down money before promotion and paying it down after, deemed the latter course just as guilty, and just as reprehensible as the former; and as he could not fill the king's purse without violating conscience, chose to incur his resentment rather than cast a blot on his own honour, imperil his own soul, and sow for time to come the seed of inevitable evil and scandal in the Church of God. 'Keep your money and your scolding to yourself,' cried the King; 'I have as much as I want, get away with you.' The Archbishop blessed God for having been preserved from the stain of an evil report, and gave the money to the poor."

* Life of St. Anselm, 1, 387.

The next trouble was caused by the Archbishop's request to go to Rome to receive the Pallium. The King asked from which Pope he was going to ask it, and when he replied, "From Urban," flew into a violent passion, saying that he had no right to call any man Pope in his dominions without his permission, and that it was treason to own subjection to the Pope save by the express grace and favour of the Sovereign.

To settle these and other difficulties, a council was called at Rockingham, in Northamptonshire. The assembly consisted of the Bishops, barons, and a large body of the untitled laity. Its first business was to discuss the obedience due to Pope and King respectively.

The Archbishop, in a dignified speech, addressed his suffragans and explained the cause of difference. He reminded them of his unwillingness to accept his present dignity, saying that he would rather have been burnt alive than made Archbishop, and how they had forced it upon him: that he had as Abbot of Le Bec given his allegiance to Pope Urban and would never withdraw it. Quoting the words of Holy Scripture, he declared that he would give to Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's and to God the things that were God's, and begged their counsel and help. But the Bishops were thoroughly frightened and would not stand by him. Their terror of the royal displeasure was so great that they became king's men on the spot, and declined to take his messages to William. Then the heroic Primate, lifting his eyes to Heaven, and with a voice trembling with emotion, addressed them: "Since you who are called the shepherds of the flock of Christ and the princes of the people will not give counsel to me your chief save according to the behest of a mortal man, I will resort to the Chief Shepherd and the Prince of all. To the Angel of Great Counsel will I turn and crave the counsel I must follow in this affair, which is not mine but His and His Church's. And as I have said, in those things which appertain to God, I will yield obedience to the Vicar of St. Peter, and in those things which by law concern the territorial rank of my lord the King

I will give faithful counsel and help to the utmost of my power."

Then finding the Bishops had retired, too much alarmed to carry his words to the King, Anselm walked into the royal closet, repeated his declaration to the King, and came back again.

The anecdote which follows curiously disproves the popular delusion that Holy Scripture was an utterly unknown book to the laity in the middle ages. The lay element in the council was thoroughly roused to indignation by what they had now seen and heard. Their Christian instincts and their English hearts too well informed them who was the real friend of truth and liberty.

Eadmer relates that now a knight stepped forward, and, advancing towards the altar, knelt down before the Archbishop, and thus addressed him: "My Lord Archbishop, and Father in God, your suppliant children beg you through me, their spokesman, not to let your heart be troubled at the words you have just heard. Remember how Job on his dunghill vanquished the devil, and so avenged Adam's wrong who fell in the Garden," meaning probably that in adversity there is safety, but prosperity is our greatest danger. And though Anselm scarcely knew English well enough to follow all the words, he caught enough to see that the laity of England was on his side, "and we," says Eadmer, "took courage and were tranquilized, feeling sure that the voice of the laity was the voice of God."

The King of course swelled with rage at being thus met by the firm and heroic churchman, and endeavoured to stir up his subjects, both Bishops and laity, against the primate, but in vain. The terrified prelates indeed were cowardly enough to renounce their fealty to the primate, but when the King charged the Barons to follow their example, he met with a stout resistance. The Archbishop asked for leave to go to Rome, but as the King did not agree to this he returned to his See.

Meantime the King had recognised the lawful Pope, and a Cardinal, at this time, sent by his Holiness, arrived

at Court to give the Pallium to the new Archbishop. The King tried to get Anselm removed by the Pope from the Archbishopric, but the Cardinal assured him that such a step was impossible; and William, seeing himself utterly defeated, sent for Anselm to Windsor Castle, where an apparent reconciliation was effected.

The Pallium had been sent to Canterbury, where Anselm was to receive it from the hands of the Papal Legate. As Anselm left Windsor Castle, two of his suffragan Bishops followed him, Robert of Lorraine, Bishop of Hereford, and Osmund, Bishop of Salisbury, who begged him to forgive them their denial of him at Rockingham. Compassionating their distress, he halted at the nearest wayside church, and there gave them absolution. The Bishop of Hereford died a few weeks after this.

It was at the High Altar of Lanfranc's basilica in Canterbury Cathedral, that Anselm received the Pallium. It was a picturesque ceremony, and first the Cardinal, then the Bishops in their order, then the lower clergy, advanced one by one, knelt at his feet, and kissed the sacred ornament. Then the Mass began, and when the Sanctus was finished and he descended from his throne to the Altar to begin the Canon of the Mass, the Pallium was wet with his tears.

William Rufus, however, only bided his time to renew the war with his Primate. The kingdom, owing to the tyranny and vices of the sovereign and his advisers, was one vast scene of physical woe, moral degradation, and social chaos; and Anselm finding that he was powerless to remedy evils which were upheld by the sovereign himself, felt that the authority and sentence of the Holy See upon these things should be sought. After much persecution and many difficulties with his tyrannical master, Anselm obtained the king's leave to quit England.

The narrative of his last interview with the king is very touching. "Sire," he said to William, "I am going. Had it pleased you that I should go with your good will it would have been at once much more becoming to

you, and much more agreeable to all good men. But things have taken another turn. For your sake I am sorry for it; for myself I will endeavour to bear it with even mind, and by God's blessing will never on that account give up the tender interest I take in your soul's welfare. Now, therefore, as I know not when I shall see you again, I commend you to God; and as a Father in God to his dearly beloved son, as Archbishop of Canterbury to King of England, I wish to give you God's blessing before I leave, and my own if you will not refuse it." The Prince was abashed, and said, "I do not refuse your blessing." The prelate rose, and as William bent his head, made the sign of the Cross over him. Thus they parted in October 1097.

When Anselm reached Lyons, he sent a messenger to Rome with a letter to the Pope explaining the cause of his journey, and his desire for an interview with His Holiness. From this we extract some passages.

"It seemed to me better to die out of England than to live in it, so many were the evils which it would have been wrong in me to tolerate, but which I had not the power allowed me of correcting. 1st. The personal conduct of the king was far from what it should have been. 2nd. He treated vacant Churches in a manner the very opposite of right. 3rd. He oppressed me and the Church of Canterbury in many ways. i. By not restoring Canterbury lands which he had given to some of his Knights when he had the Archbishopric in his hands after Lanfranc's death. ii. By giving away others after my institution according to his own caprice and without my will and consent. iii. By requiring of me grievous services unknown to my predecessors and beyond the extent of my power and duty. I saw that he was overthrowing both the law of God and Papal authority by certain arbitrary customs.

"Seeing there was no one who could give me help or advice, I asked his leave to come to you and unbosom my troubles so that by your advice and help I might do what was best for my own soul. But the king was very angry, tried to make me do him satisfaction for this as if

I had done him a grievous injury, and never in any emergency to seek the Pope; or else to appeal to your Holiness at once if I ever meant to do so. Hence it is that choosing the second of these alternatives I have crossed the sea to come to you."

It was on the 20th of March, 1098, that our saint reached Rome. The Pope received him with the greatest kindness, listened with all sympathy to the tale of his wrongs, and approved his conduct in all particulars. He also wrote to the King, requiring that he should be re-instated in his rights and possessions.

The Pope having in 1098 called the Council of Bare in which the question of the Procession of the Holy Ghost was discussed, ordered the Saint to be present, and, placing him next him, told him that he thought God had brought him thither to defend the Church against her enemies. Anselm spoke with so much learning, penetration, and judgment, that he silenced the Greeks, and all present joined in pronouncing anathema against those who should afterwards deny the procession of the Holy Ghost from both the Father and the Son. When the behaviour of the King of England fell next under debate, the Council was equally won by the charity of the Saint, who cast himself on his knees before the Pope, and persuaded him to stop the sentence of excommunication which he was about to pronounce on the iniquitous monarch.

Anselm stayed some time at Rome with the Pope, who always placed him next in rank to himself. After the Council of Rome in 1099, he returned to Lyons, where he was entertained by the Archbishop Hugh with the greatest cordiality and regard. Before leaving Rome Anselm had implored the Pope to receive his resignation of the Archbishopric, but the Pope absolutely refused.

Meanwhile the state of England was as deplorable as ever, and the life of the Red King as wicked. The Pope and the Archbishop both wrote to the King but without any good result, and he only threatened to put out the eyes of Anselm's messenger.

Pope Urban died in July, 1099, and was succeeded by

Pope Paschal II. To him Anselm wrote, detailing the miseries of his Archiepiscopate and of England in general.

Seven years before this, a fiery crozier had been seen passing along the sky, surely an emblem of the struggle which was coming. And now William Rufus dreamed a strange dream. Before him was an altar, and on the altar a Child divinely lovely. He approached the Child, laid hold of him and began to eat. The flesh was sweet to the taste, and he ate on, when the Victim bent an angry look on him and said, "Stop, you have gone too far!" William awoke in great alarm and next morning asked the saintly Bishop of Rochester what this might mean. "Good King," said the Bishop, "cease from persecuting the Church; a kind God has sent you this dream. Accept the reproof; do not go to the chase to-day." He heeded the words so far as to remain the morning at home. He then dined, ate and drank more than usual, and went to the chase. That evening he was found dead, pierced through the heart with an arrow in the New Forest.

The accounts are so varied of the way in which this awful event occurred that it is impossible to say through what agency it happened. The body was laid on the cart of a charcoal burner named Purkiss, who lived in the Forest and whose descendants are said to be still found in the same spot; and next morning it was buried by the monks under a ruinous tower close to the Cathedral Church of Winchester. William's death happened on the 2nd of August, 1100.

Prince Henry Beauclerc, William's brother, no sooner heard of the event than he hurried to Winchester, overbore the opposition of such of the Barons as declared the crown to belong to his brother, Duke Robert of Normandy, and seizing the royal treasure, proceeded at once to Westminster, where he was crowned on August 5th, a few days after his brother's death.

It is related that early in the morning of the 1st of August one of Anselm's attendants who was lying awake but with closed eyes outside the Archbishop's

room, saw a comely youth who approached him and said, "Adam, are you asleep?"—"No," was the reply. "Would you hear the news?"—"Yes," answered the attendant. "Know then that the difference between Archbishop Anselm and King William is ended and appeased." Adam opened his eyes, looked round but saw no one. On the following morning, in the early hours after midnight, one of the party stood singing matins with his eyes closed when someone appeared holding out to him a small scroll on which were the words: William the King is dead. He opened his eyes but saw none but his companions.

Towards the end of August, Anselm was at Chaise Dieu, when two visitors were announced—a Christchurch monk and a monk of Le Bec. These two men brought him the news of the King's death. For a few moments the Archbishop sat stunned with dismay and horror, and then gave way to a paroxysm of grief, gasping through his sobs, "To die like that! O that I had been taken instead of him!"

Anselm returned at once to Lyons, where a letter from the Christchurch monks was brought him, conjuring him to return to Canterbury.

A letter also reached him from the new King, Henry I. It ran thus:—

"Be it known to you, my dearest Father, that my brother King William is dead, and that elected, thank God, by the clergy and people of England, I, with all the people of England call upon you as our Father to come as quickly as you can and give your counsel to me, your son and them, as to those whose souls have been committed to your care." He then advised him not to return by way of Normandy, which was in confusion, owing to the two claimants for the English throne, but by Wissant, and assured him that his Barons would meet him at Dover with money to repay what he had borrowed.

Anselm landed at Dover on the 23rd of September, 1100. The King had summoned the Court to meet at Salisbury in September, and the Primate was there. Henry received him most graciously.

It must have been a great relief to the Primate and all the clergy to have a man of higher education and refinement and of comparatively respectable life to reign over them, after the profligate barbarian who had just been taken from them by a sudden and violent death. Yet though Henry ruled in a more refined way, the old Norman ambition which had been introduced at the Conquest, of desiring to be head over both Church and State, was not subdued, and a long struggle as to the right of investitures of Church dignities and Church lands followed. Letters and embassies to Rome passed, and the King still imitated his evil brother, Rufus, in his endeavours to subject the Spouse of Christ to the temporal power.

The Queen, a daughter of Margaret the sainted Queen of Scotland, and a person of great piety, had always been Anselm's devoted daughter and firm friend. Before her marriage, her relations, fearing for her safety in the lawless times in which she lived, had placed her in a convent, where Henry sought her for his bride. It was supposed she had taken the veil, but as she strongly asserted this was not the case, Anselm and other prelates examined the facts, and having clearly proved that no vows had been taken by the princess, or any intention formed of entering religion, she was married to Henry on the 11th of November, 1100.

Nearly four years had since elapsed in the constant struggle between the King and Anselm, whom nothing could force to consent to place the Church in bonds to the royal power.* The Archbishop had now reached his seventieth year, and his health, always weak, was worn by asceticisms. Once only in the day would he, at the solicitation of his monks, consent to take some little meagre sustenance, and even then he ate sparingly.

Finding all his arts to subdue the Archbishop unavailing, and not liking to incur the odium of banishing him, Henry cunningly devised the plan of sending the Archbishop to Rome under pretence of consulting

* *Life of St. Anselm*, ii. 291.

the Pope as to the questions at issue respecting his customs the giving of investitures, &c., and so keeping him out of England. The Archbishop set forth on a journey which in those days involved months of fatiguing travelling over rough and perilous roads, difficult and dangerous to young and active men; how much more to one so advanced in years and with a worn and enfeebled constitution!

Anselm, however, never daunted in the service of God, for Whom he would undertake all dangers, set forth, and landed at Wissant on Monday, the 27th of April. And after a short stay at his former beloved home, Le Bec, he passed on to Chartres, where he was most kindly received by the Countess Adela, Henry's sister, the Bishop of Yves, and many others, who all joined in persuading the Saint to postpone his journey on account of the heat, and many dangers at a time of the year that wayfarers did not usually travel. So that by the sheer force of their advice, wrote the Saint, they have prevented me going.

About the middle of August, Anselm again set forward for Rome. An annalist* who wrote two generations after the event expresses himself thus upon the journey:—"St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, yielding to the urgent entreaty of King Henry I., set forth for Rome to get the Apostolic See to grant confirmation of that prince's customs which it is now [*i.e.*, in Henry II's. time] the fashion to call the laws of the king's grandfather and the royal liberties. But he cannot have expected, neither did he wish to succeed. For call them what you will, they are nothing less than abuses foisted on the country by tyrants, and tricks of the devil for the subversion of the Church's freedom."

The reply of the Pontiff to these enforced demands requires no repetition. The King had forbidden the Primate to return to England, unless he complied with demands which enslaved the Church, and Henry had availed himself of the Archbishop's absence, reduced

* Life of St. Anselm, vol. ii. 307.

him to beggary, and treated his complaints, admonitions, and threats with cool indifference. The Holy Father felt that it was time the Archbishop should be protected and the offender brought to penance. He threatened the King with excommunication.

As Anselm was passing in the direction of Rheims, he heard that Adela, the Countess of Blois and Chartres, was very ill. He was her director, and at once turned back and hurried to Blois; there he found the Countess better, but in great distress about her brother, whose excommunication she was dreading. An interview with the Archbishop and Henry was arranged by her means at the castle of L'Aigle in Normandy, the same castle in which had been enacted the scene of the quarrel between the three brothers, where the two younger ones threw water on Robert their elder brother, afterwards Duke of Normandy. The King had promised his sister that in this interview, could it be arranged, he would make great concessions. It is not known accurately what passed. Henry sought Anselm, and they embraced and remained alone for some time; and when the interview ended, it was seen that the King and Primate were friends again. On Saturday, 22nd of July, 1105, Henry by formal document reconveyed to the Primate the temporalities of his See, and in so doing tacitly relinquished the claim about investiture and homage, which had occasioned all these troubles. Thus ended the King's persecution of the Primate. Anselm had won a great victory.

The King now having returned to England, and finding all his affairs in great disorder, sent to Anselm urgent messages to come back to his widowed Church.

The Primate consoled by the new hopes of peace for his See and for the Church in England, gathered up strength and set forth, but fell ill at Jumièges. The King wrote him a pathetic letter from Windsor deploring his illness, and assuring him he should come to him ere long. The Queen also wrote, ending her letter with the words, "May the all merciful Omnipotence of God restore you."

Anselm again revived, consoled and strengthened no doubt by the words of affection and reverence from the King whose true friend he had ever remained through all the discussions and dissensions of his Archiepiscopate, and from the Queen who had ever revered him as a saint and as her Father in Christ. He set out from Le Bec, whither he had retired when his malady overtook him to reach England. A pretty little story is related of the Archbishop's illness. He was lying at Le Bec in a hopeless state, so hopeless that Bishops and Abbots had been summoned to attend his funeral which it was thought must take place in a few days. In this state his afflicted children were kneeling round him imploring him to try and take some nourishment, for his extreme abstemiousness had rendered him so averse to food that now it seemed he could not eat. At length he faintly said, not for his own sake, as he thought his end was near, but for theirs, 'Perhaps I could take some partridge if it could be had.' At once some of the inhabitants of the monastic establishment set out to hunt the country in search of a partridge, but in vain; all the day was spent and no success, when a servant of the monastery going by chance through the neighbouring wood on some other errand, he saw in the pathway before him a weasel with a partridge in its mouth. The weasel dropped the bird and fled, leaving its prey to the monk who carried it home in triumph to the kitchen. When it was cooked a morsel of it was offered to the invalid, who now slowly recovered.

We will now follow the narration of Eadmer, as quoted by Mr. Rule, of the last days of the Saint:—

"Not long after his return to England, it was evident that the health of the holy Archbishop was declining. His heart was already in Heaven, but his will united to that of his Lord was still willing to remain and toil and suffer for Him yet longer if it were the Divine pleasure. One of those who were with him seeing his weakness ventured to say: 'Father and Lord Archbishop, the Easter court that you will attend is an Easter court with our Lord God.' It was Palm Sunday. 'Yes,' he replied;

‘if it be His Will I shall obey it willingly. But were He to let me stay with you a little longer till I had resolved a problem about the origin of the soul, I would gladly accept the boon; for I do not know whether anyone will work it out when I am gone. If I could but eat I think I should pick up a little strength. I feel no pain in any part of my body; only I cannot retain nourishment, and that exhausts me.’

“And then he sat still, revolving the problem of the origin of the soul. To a mind so formed for meditation and heavenly contemplation, it must have been no ordinary cross to have to descend into the arena of earthly combats and struggles even though it was for his Lord that he fought.

“But his weakness daily increased. He could no longer stand at the Altar, and was daily carried into his Chapel in a chair to hear Mass. Still the intellect remained clear and bright as ever. On Tuesday, as it was growing dusk, the recently consecrated Bishop of Rochester asked him to give his blessing to the bystanders and all the Christchurch monks, to the king and the royal family, and to the good people of England who had ever been true to him. He was still sitting though unable to speak articulately; but bending his head to the crucifix raised his right hand, and with all his old vigour made the holy sign with it. Then he sat still.

“About midnight—he was by this time lying in his bed—the monks went into choir to sing matins, and one of the small group of attendants who remained with him took up the book of the Gospels, and began to read the Gospel for the day, the Wednesday in Holy Week. Anselm lay listening. The reader had only reached the words ‘Ye are they who have continued with Me in My temptations, and I appoint unto you as My Father hath appointed to Me a kingdom that you may eat and drink at My table in My kingdom,’ when the summons came. The breathing grew slower, and they lifted him from the bed to the sackcloth, on which a Christian then should die.

"The brethren in choir, startled by a sharp quick whirl of the wooden rattle, quitted their stalls, and went in dumb procession to the death room, and so with all his children gathered round him he breathed his last breath into the hands of his Creator, and slept in peace.

"It was the day before the Maundy; on the 21st of April, 1109, in the 16th year of his pontificate, and the 76th year of his age."

The struggle of Anselm with the temporal power had lasted sixteen years, the long and weary period of his Archiepiscopate, and notwithstanding the gentle, tender, and patient temperament of the churchman, and the violent and rapacious character of his royal persecutors, no protection of the immunities of the Spouse of Christ could be more firm, no resolution more immovable where the interests of his Lord were concerned, than that of the holy monk who had been forced into the position of guardian of the interests of the Church in this country. So far as he prevailed it was by his great personal holiness and his inflexible determination to defend the rights of the Church against her enemies which seem to have, at least to a great extent, subdued King Henry I. Though truly the old leaven was not absolutely eradicated as it arose again under King Henry III., and caused the exile of another saintly Archbishop, St. Edmund. But Anselm had in the conflict in his time prevailed, had kept England in union with the centre of Christendom, and had preserved the Spouse of our Lord from the fetters which were being forged for her by the bmalice and ambition of godless kings.



St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

(1207-1232.)

BY ELIZABETH MATHEW.

I.

ST. ELIZABETH of Hungary lived the span of her short life on earth in the far-off thirteenth century, and she belongs to that wonderful cycle of saints in whom we have learned to trace the personification of the spiritual history of that age of abounding faith and poetic mysticism: St. Francis, St. Clare, St. Elizabeth, and St. Louis—these four names head the Franciscan bead-roll: and their lives, if we read them aright, contain lessons which we all must learn, no matter how different may be the age in which we live and the work we have to do.

St. Francis came to bring back to a warring and troubled world the message of God made Man, in the love and simplicity of the Sermon on the Mount and the Sacrifice of Calvary; in his unfathomable charity and infinite compassion, in his ardour for suffering and zeal for souls, in his contempt for the riches and greatness of the world, and in his love for holy poverty, he left us precepts and examples which are needed to guide us through dangers that in one form or another are always with mankind. St. Clare and her companions and daughters, now known as the Order of Poor Clares, show us how weak women can, by the grace of God, embrace the hardest cross, and forsake, for love of their crucified Lord, every human consolation. And next comes St. Elizabeth, following the Franciscan rule in the world, and teaching us how to sanctify our human

joys and human sorrows, how to spiritualize every act of ordinary daily life ; finally, how to bear grief and wrongs patiently and to find in sorrow only a path to heaven. Last, we see in St. Louis of France the ideal hero of Christian chivalry. Under his royal robes he wore the rough Franciscan habit ; and he died, as St. Francis had desired to die, on his way to the Holy Land.

Each century has its special characteristics, and the thirteenth century is, above all, the century of true Christian chivalry. It was an age when the Red Cross Knight was the ideal hero not alone of song and story but of actual daily life ; when men went forth to do great deeds for the sake of the faith in which they lived. They merged even their nationalities in one all-embracing and ennobling idea of a vast state of Christendom, the Holy Roman Empire, with its double bond of union, the Pope and the Emperor, representing the two great powers which were to dominate the world and rule together, one spiritual the other temporal, in the strength of the Christian faith, which was their standard and their guide.

Far different indeed is the materialistic, sceptical age in which we live ; and yet the same Light is above to guide us, the same Christian doctrine is preached to us, and above all the same virtues are required to purify this hurrying, pressing, latter-day existence of ours, as were needed in that far off age of living and generous faith. And therefore, the life of an ideal Christian woman, lived in that world so different from the world we live in, will teach us a lesson containing now, as then, all wisdom and all knowledge. It is a hard and yet a tender lesson. In our daily lives we must take everything as from God and learn to see God in everything ; we must do to His little ones, no matter how they may be disguised by surrounding sin, degradation, and misery, as we would that He should do unto us ; and above all we must remember that the pomps and glories of this world are as dust and dross in His sight, and that the Christian religion is the religion of the Cross.

Elizabeth, daughter of Andrew II, King of Hungary, was born in 1207 and was sent when only four years old to the court of Hermann, Landgrave of Thuringia, to be betrothed to his son, Ludwig. She was brought up at the Thuringian Court, according to the custom of those times, and educated in company with her future husband, so that from their early childhood they loved each other as most dear companions.

The story goes that Hermann of Thuringia had asked the hand of this baby Hungarian princess in deference to the prophecy of the famous minstrel Klingsor, who had told him that a star arising out of Hungary should shed a bright light over Thuringia. The thought is a graceful one, redolent of the poetic imagery of the time; but all we know is that Elizabeth came to dwell in the grim fortress of the Wartburg at Eisenach when she was still a little child, and that there she spent all but the four last years of her life.

Owing to the circumstances of her canonization—for she was declared a saint only two or three years after her death—we have the most detailed records of every incident of her life; her confessor, Conrad of Marburg, and her companions, Gita and Ysentrude, have left accounts so intimate and personal of her every act that in reading them we feel that we know and love her as they did, and can hardly realize that the events described really took place six hundred years ago.

It would seem that from her earliest childhood she possessed, by the grace of God, a marvellous spirit of prayer and a wonderful fund of simplicity and charity. She hated rich garments and the taking part in pomps and ceremonies of the Court, but loved to go amongst the poor and the sorrowful, to minister to their needs and try to relieve their sufferings.

Ludwig's mother the Landgravine Sophia, used to discourage and reprove what she regarded as childish eccentricity. On one occasion, when the Court was attending High Mass in full state and Elizabeth and her companions had been attired in robes and coronets to take their place in the retinue,

the Landgravine was horrified to find her crouching at the foot of a crucifix, bathed in tears, with her golden circlet lying beside her and the rich mantle discarded. "How can I wear a robe and a crown when I see our Lord before me naked and crowned with thorns?" said the child saint. But the Landgravine reproved her.

St. Francis was preaching in Umbria, and the grace which was directing him was working too in Elizabeth's heart, and teaching her the sacredness of poverty and suffering; but then, as now, that gospel was not the gospel of the great and the rich, and Elizabeth had few to encourage or support her.

The Landgravine would have preferred a bride for her son who would live as the world lived and do as others did. But though Elizabeth was as beautiful and as gifted as any other maiden of the Court, she was always trying to get her companions to join her in helping the poor who crowded round the courtyards of the castle, and when they were supposed to be at their tapestry or games they were generally either praying together in the church or secretly stealing out on their errands of mercy and charity. When Ludwig succeeded to the inheritance, his mother appears to have hoped that he would reject his father's choice and choose for himself another bride. She said that Elizabeth was better suited to be a nun than a wife, and that in a convent she could fast and pray far better than at a court. Elizabeth listened in silence and suffered in patience. She loved her betrothed husband with her whole heart and had grown up in the belief that God destined them to live their lives together; but if He willed otherwise she would be content. And so she watched, and prayed, and wept, as many maidens had done before, and have done since, in confident hope that He who had made her and who knew each beating of her human heart would give her grace to know and do His holy will.

To this period belongs the legend which poets and artists have made familiar to us all. Elizabeth left

the Wartburg one morning to take food and alms to the poor in the town below; she was herself wearing the rough woollen dress by which she disguised her identity when on her daily mission of mercy, and under her cloak she carried a heavy basket. Suddenly, at a turn in the path, she found herself face to face with the young Landgrave and his companions returning from a hunting expedition.

Now we know that though Elizabeth was a saint she was a very human saint, and we can imagine how her heart stood still with fear lest her mission of charity should be misunderstood by the one in all the world whose love was precious to her. What if he were angered by her poor dress, and thought indeed, as his mother had so often said, that it would dishonour him to see his bride so lowly?

And then the story tells how the sun shone upon her mantle and made it glisten as if it were of richest silk and gold, and her face was radiant with a beauty it never had before.

“What have you there, sweet lady?” asked Ludwig.

Elizabeth opened her cloak, and behold! the rough burden was no longer there—only a mass of fragrant roses; and her voice, tremulous from joyous astonishment sounded silvery in the still morning air as she murmured, “Roses, dear lord.”

The briar roses that grow on the steep hill side above Eisenach are still called ‘*Elisabethenblumen*,’ ‘Elizabeth’s flowers,’ and the fragrance of the rose legend brings back to us the poetry and piety of those sweet mystic days when faith abounded and had its reward.

Ludwig of Thuringia was, in his way, as saintly as his betrothed bride, and we are told that while she spent her time of probation in prayer and almsdeeds, he too was learning to be a worthy Christian knight, true to his motto, ‘Piety, Justice and Charity,’ and to his lady love, Elizabeth. It was in vain for his mother and other advisers to seek to deter him from his appointed marriage, and as soon as he had reached man’s estate he insisted that their betrothal should be consummated.

II.

Elizabeth and Ludwig were wed in 1220, and thus, when hardly more than a child in years, Elizabeth entered upon the full duties and responsibilities of womanhood. It is in her life as a wife and mother that we may study the gifts and virtues which make her in so special a manner the model for women living in the world, and serving God in that state which brings the fulfilment of earthly happiness and, at the same time, scope for the highest service of Almighty God. God willed, by a special dispensation of His Providence in becoming man born of woman, to teach us the sanctity of maternity, and, by ordaining that His Virgin Mother should be espoused to St. Joseph, to whom he gave, in the eyes of the world, a father's authority over her and her Divine Son, He established the sacred foundation of the perfect Christian home.

The life of the Holy Family at Nazareth is the life in the light of which all Christian homes have since been sanctified. Although our Lord calls many souls to make for His sake the greatest sacrifice of which human nature is capable—namely, the relinquishing of human love—yet, of the majority of mankind this renunciation is not even asked, and to most of us is given to learn how, in virtue of our Divine Lord's Humanity, our human joys and human sorrows, our longings and our disappointments are to be sanctified and exalted. And in the old chronicler's account of Elizabeth's life with her husband, and of the way in which their love for each other became a means to draw them both to God, we see an example which now-a-days is sorely needed of the marvellous power for sanctification that belongs to Christian marriage.

It is this lesson, above all others, which Elizabeth's life teaches us. Other saints have followed the thorny path of mortification, others have tended the poor and shown their contempt for worldly greatness, in these characteristics she does not stand alone; but she is pre-eminent as one whose love for

her Divine Master was reflected in the love that she felt for the husband He had given her, and who knew how, while abating nothing of her piety and vigorous self-discipline, to remain above and beyond everything else a sweet and loving wife. Ludwig, it must be said, was also the model of a true and faithful husband and, though he does not share her canonization, one cannot doubt that in the eyes of God he emulated her sanctity. In the contemporary records of their lives we find the most tender description of their perfect union. When in the night she arose to pray she would plead that the love they bore each other might never mar their love of God; while she prayed she kept her hand clasped in his, and sometimes he would wake to find her praying, and would join his prayers to hers for themselves, for their people, and above all for the children that it might please God to send them.

When the joy of motherhood came to her, her ardour in prayer redoubled. In thanksgiving for the birth of each of her children she made a pilgrimage, bare-foot and clad in humblest raiment, carrying her baby in her arms, to some poor and distant church, and there she offered up to God the new life He had entrusted to her care, making at the same time the humble offering of a small wax candle as if she were a poor peasant woman. This was in remembrance of our Lady's Purification, and that her child might begin its life in the poverty and lowliness of the Babe of Bethlehem.

While devoted to the duties and joys of her home, Elizabeth was at the same time always ready to take her full share in the responsibilities of her position. Thanks to the influence of her example and her husband's, the Thuringian Court became famous throughout Germany for the valour and honour of its knights and the purity and holiness of its ladies. Elizabeth and her maidens would retire from the gay feasts and assemblies they had graced and adorned with their presence, to lay aside their bright array and go down to the poorest quarters of the town below the Wartburg, to tend the sick, comfort the sorrowful and

above all to succour the helpless little children. In those days, we must remember, the poor depended for help on the spontaneous charity of the rich: neither political economists nor charity organizers were there to stultify the simple Christian doctrine, "Give to him who asks of thee, and from him who would borrow of thee turn not away." So Elizabeth gave and gave and gave, and when his seneschal came one day, during a time of famine, to tell the Landgrave that Elizabeth had given away all the corn in the granaries and that they would soon be as destitute as the poorest around them, Ludwig answered: "No matter; my lady's charity is the greatest treasure in Thuringia." His faith was justified, for what she gave seemed to come back to them a thousand fold. On one occasion an embassy arrived without warning from Elizabeth's father the King of Hungary, bringing presents and asking for an audience. Ludwig sent to Elizabeth begging her to prepare to receive her father's messengers with all due pomps and ceremony, and she suddenly realized that she had just given away all her gay adornments and even her robe of state.

"Surely, sweet lady, you will do honour to your father's friends and appear before them as a princess should appear?"

"Forgive me, dear lord," said Elizabeth, coming towards him in the soft woollen dress and cloak which she wore when going on her missions of charity, and looking up into his face with that tender, anxious look that always made him think of roses, "and, believe me, my father's messengers will not miss the robes and jewels:" and she led the way to the great hall where they awaited her. When she came forward to greet them the Hungarians fell back amazed and dazzled by the radiance of her beauty and the queenliness of her grace, and swore they had never seen so fair a lady.

But it was not by her individual good works alone that Elizabeth came to be known and loved throughout the whole extent of her husband's dominion and beyond it. She and he were unwearied in their endeavours to

help the weak and the oppressed. What she did for individuals he tried to establish as the guiding principles for his general government, so that soon Ludwig of Thuringia became famous as the champion of the poor and an opponent of all tyrants and tyrannies: and this in an age when might was too often mistaken for right. To Ludwig is due the foundation of the famous Benedictine Abbey of Reinhartsbrunn, while Elizabeth rejoiced to welcome the first Franciscan Friars to Eisenach and placed herself under their direction to carry out in their spirit the works of mercy which she had always so loved to perform. The Friars sent word to St. Francis that Elizabeth was working for him amongst her people, and he, in token of sympathy and love sent her his own ragged brown mantle. She little knew when she received it, how truly and literally the mantle of Franciscan poverty was destined at last to be hers.

Eight years had passed since her marriage. Elizabeth had become the mother of one son and two daughters, and as time went on it seemed that her happiness and saintliness increased together; but the time of trial was at hand. Preparations began throughout Germany for engaging upon a new Crusade to the Holy land. The Emperor Frederick II. undertook to lead it, and many of the princes and rulers of the empire promised to join their banners to his, and to assume the red cross.

We do not know how the inspiration came to Ludwig that he too must join this standard. We can judge what the bare thought of leaving his beloved home must have been to him; we know how he must have longed to be spared. But God's will had to be consummated, and it was decreed in the Divine Providence that Ludwig, the true and perfect knight, should risk his life in the sacred cause.

When a knight enrolled himself for the Crusade he was given a little red cross as a token of his vow. Ludwig received his, and undertook to be ready on a certain day to join the Emperor's forces on the Italian

frontier; and he returned to the Wartburg with a heavy heart.

It was the autumn of 1228. Elizabeth had reached the full perfection of her womanly beauty, and was just then rejoicing in holy thanksgiving with the hope of soon again becoming a mother. To her the sublime responsibility of bringing an immortal soul into the world was the dearest jewel in her crown of earthly joys; and to her heroic Christian virtue the very pains and troubles of maternity were welcome as giving her a share in the cross of expiation to be borne by all womankind. So her soul was encompassed with peace and her heart beat with joy, when her beloved husband came into her chamber and sat beside her couch.

The sun streamed in through the high narrow window, and its light, which shone brightly on her dark tresses, fell upon his handsome face and showed her a look of sadness she could not understand. But he began to talk joyously, and they spoke of the baby who was soon to come to them. Elizabeth asked him if he would consent to dedicate it from its birth to God's service in the hope that it would receive grace for the religious life, either of the monastery of Rheinhartsbrunn, or the convent of Kitzingen. As they talked the sunbeams fell lower and glistened on a chain Ludwig wore at his side. Elizabeth touched the bright links and felt for his pouch: "Dear lord," said she, "we must not forget the poor. While I prepare to welcome our baby I often think of the poor mothers whose little children must begin the world suffering cold and hardship. Give me some gold pieces for them."

His fingers trembled as he opened his pouch. She held out the little white hand whose touch he so loved to feel, and, as he gave her the gold, the little red cross fell out too. Before he could hide it she had seen it, had caught it up, and was clasping it close to her heart.

"Dear lord, dear lord, it can't be true! They can't have given you the cross. O! surely it belongs to

another? God cannot want you to leave me, dear lord? The light of my life would go with you. . . . When we have tried so hard to serve God together, can He really want to part us?"

Ludwig could not speak. But he held her close in his arms, and bade her pray with him as they had so often prayed before, and amidst her tears she was able to falter: "Not my will, but Thine, O Lord, be done."

III.

Elizabeth and her husband had been called upon to make a supreme sacrifice, and they had made it loyally and bravely. On the day when they bade each other a long and lingering farewell, deep forebodings of unknown sorrows must have overwhelmed her, though he went forth in confident hope of a blessing on his holy enterprise and the reward of a joyous return. Elizabeth, from the moment when her longing eyes ceased to be able to distinguish the flutter of the banner or the glint of steel, and when even the eddying dust had disappeared, turned wearily back to her lonely home to weep and pray for him who was gone. She laid aside her ordinary dress and clad herself as a widow, nor could she find comfort in aught but prayer.

The autumn turned to winter. The time came for her baby's birth and when she had it in her arms how she must have longed that its father had been there to welcome its first smile. Far other was to be the lot of that child of sorrow.

Elizabeth was still weak and ill when the terrible news was brought to the castle. Ludwig was dead. His chaplain and subsequent biographer returned, bringing his ring as a token, with the tidings that the young Landgrave had fallen a victim to a fever which broke out amongst the imperial troops before they embarked from Brindisi. He had died at Otranto, with the calm resignation of the true Christian knight he had always been, so confident of his wife's love and courage that he sent her but one little message, the words of which have not been preserved for us.

The description of her grief in its simple pathos is inexpressibly touching.

“Dead—dead—Ludwig cannot be dead! If he is dead, then all my world is dead, and all the light gone out of it. O my God, spare me! Tell me he is not dead.”

And for hours she could only repeat the bitter word, “Dead—dead,” as if its awful meaning, which, however hard we try, we cannot realize till it comes to us in a moment of supreme loss and sorrow, was one which could not belong to him, her companion since childhood, her tender husband and friend, her proud and valorous lord.

Up to this point the life of Elizabeth, holy and sanctified as it had been, was a life in which the human and the superhuman had been tenderly blended.

Her husband’s death, overwhelming in itself, was to be to her not only the crowning sorrow of her life, but the end of every softening element of human happiness. It pleased God that this faithful soul, who had loved and served Him with every breath of her life, who had taken every joy as a gift from Him to be used as a means of sanctification, should work out the remaining years of her short life in one long spell of renunciation.

First of all she was made homeless. Her husband’s brother, bent on usurping the inheritance which by right belonged to Elizabeth’s son, Hermann, actually turned her and her children out of the Wartburg, declaring that he alone had a right to dwell there, who was now to rule over Thuringia. Not only did he order her to go, but he gave her nothing and provided her with no shelter. In the Wartburg to this day you can see the picture representing Elizabeth with her three little children clinging around her, and her baby in her arms, slowly coming down the steep path where once she had met her husband when her basket held heavenly roses.

In the town below, amongst the people whom she had spent her life in serving, there was none to give her shelter. She actually found a refuge for a few nights in an outhouse of the Franciscan convent which she and her husband had founded; and, when at last one of her husband's former friends took pity on her and offered to receive her in his house, he did so in terms so cruel and scornful that even her inexhaustible patience and charity were tried well nigh beyond endurance.

At last her piteous plight was made known to her aunt, the Abbess of Kitzingen, and to her uncle, the Archbishop of Bamberg. Owing to their influence she was so far relieved as to be given shelter with her little children in the convent of Kitzingen.

For a few months she abode there, uncertain what to do or how to act, praying for light and guidance. And now a fresh trial came upon her. Her relations, and the friends who had by this time rallied round her, told her that the way she could best serve her children would be by marrying some powerful prince who would be able to protect their interest. Even her uncle the Archbishop pressed her to do this, and from the worldly point of view everything seemed to suggest it. But here she was firm. In the happiest days of her life she had made a solemn vow that not even death should alter her fidelity to the husband God had given her, and that, should she have to live without him, her life would be dedicated to God's service alone. The climax came when, after some long interval, the returning Crusaders brought back with them the embalmed remains of the Landgrave Ludwig to be buried, as he had commanded, in the monastery of Reinhartsbrunn.

This was to Elizabeth a moment of exquisite anguish but of supreme consolation. And when the sad ceremonies were over, and her husband's friends and allies rallying round her had sworn to make her cause their own, she announced once for all her final resolve. That her children should be shielded and protected was her earnest prayer, and she joyously gave over her little son Hermann to be educated as a worthy son

of his father, and to enter in due time upon his inheritance.

Her eldest daughter, now four years old, was betrothed as Elizabeth had been at the same age, to the Duke of Hesse-Cassel, and confided to the care of her future husband's mother; the youngest children, the babies she loved so to feel nestling on her bosom must also go from her—these she handed over to her aunt the Abbess: for the grace of God had come to her and she knew what she must do. And finally, on Good Friday, 1230, the supreme sacrifice came, and kneeling before the crucifix, Elizabeth, who had always despised the riches and state of courts, made the final renunciation, and laying aside her widow's sombre robes, assumed once and for all the coarse brown habit of St. Francis, dedicating herself finally to serve God in absolute poverty and humility.

She would not even occupy an ordinary dwelling, but chose for herself the humblest cottage on the outskirts of Marburg where she had decided to spend the rest of her life. She refused to receive more than a bare pittance from her dowry, and giving all that she had to the poor, subsisted on the proceeds of her spinning.

The confessor who for years had watched her growth in sanctity, and under whose guidance she had placed herself, saw fit to withdraw from her every consolation; he even decreed that her beloved companions, Gita and Ysentrude, who had been with her since they all were children, should now leave her; and he restrained her from the exercise of that unmeasured charity in which she had ever taken such delight, telling her that to live in want was more meritorious even than to relieve distress.

In reading the account of these terrible privations one feels oneself in an atmosphere where to breathe is difficult and where the light blinds our eyes.

Many love St. Francis of Assisi, but few can follow him up the heights of Mount Alverna to the ecstasy of the Stigmata; and we, who rejoice in St. Elizabeth as she lived and worked in the Wartburg, find it hard to

follow and understand this last bitter period of her saintly life. Her biographers tell of heavenly consolations beyond the ken of man, of visions which strengthened her, and God's grace illumining her.

Into her little cottage, as of old into her palace, she brought the sick and the suffering, and in tending their wants forgot her own. From far and near pilgrims came to entreat her prayers and blessing, and it pleased God by miraculous cures, wrought at her touch or word, to testify to her heroic sanctity. She tried to keep her name secret and to many she was only "the grey-clad lady with the soft, gentle voice." But those who knew her were wont to ask for her help: "In memory of your lord who is buried at Reinhartsbrunn, and for whose soul, dear lady, we will never cease to pray."

At stated intervals we know that she herself made a pilgrimage to her husband's grave, where all her earthly joy lay buried, and on these occasions her children were brought to see her.

After two years she had suffered enough. It pleased God to reveal to her the time of her death and when she felt her strength failing she dismissed all those who had been with her, and devoted herself in solitude to preparation for the end.

As we have lived so we shall die; and Elizabeth's death in its calm dignity and tender simplicity fitly closed her gentle, loving life. From her earliest infancy she had been shielded and protected, sin had never come near her; each year had but added to the perfection of her sanctity; yet she had ever followed the rules of mortification and self-denial laid down by the Church to remind us that the Christian religion is the Religion of the Cross; so death came to her without terror or bitterness, and just before dawn on November 19, 1232, at the hour when she had so often awakened to pray in honour of the Nativity of God made Man, she died, as all Christians hope to die, clasping the crucifix and with the names of Jesus and Mary on her lips.

And then suddenly the truth was realized, and the world by signs and wonders came to know that Elizabeth,

once Landgravine of Thuringia, and for the last four years "the soft-voiced lady" who wore the habit of St. Francis, was indeed a Saint.

The records of her life and of the miracles wrought by her intercession during her time on earth and at her grave, by the power of her advocacy in Heaven, were laid before Pope Gregory IX. and she was declared a Saint.

Over her grave at Marburg was erected a church which, despoiled and dismantled as it was at the end of the sixteenth century, remains to this day one of the most beautiful specimens of German Gothic architecture, while the story of St. Elizabeth will remain to all time one of the most perfect examples it has pleased God to give us of the ineffable strength and sweetness of true Christian womanhood.

NOTE—Montalembert's 'Vie de Sainte Elisabeth' is an admirable biography, and contains a complete record of contemporary authorities and testimony as to her life and works. All lovers of St. Elizabeth should read this fascinating book.



St. Thomas Aquinas:

*Doctor of the Church and Patron of Catholic Schools.**

(1225-1274.)

I. Birth and early Life.

THE thirteenth century was a time of extraordinary intellectual activity, which was not without its dangers. In the enthusiastic pursuit of learning, students flocked by thousands to the great Universities, which, unhappily, were as often schools of infidelity as of faith. The philosophers of the age owned but one master, and he was a heathen. "Aristotle," says Lacordaire, "was taken to be the representative of wisdom; and, unfortunately, Aristotle and the Gospel did not always agree;" and many, entering on the unexplored sea of thought without a guide, made hopeless shipwreck of their faith. The great professors who were the oracles of the day were not always proof against the seductions of vanity, and sometimes tried to make themselves a name by striking out bold theories in matters where original speculation is seldom friendly to the faith.

It was amidst the confusion of these new opinions that St. Thomas Aquinas was given to the world to mark out

* The facts here related about St. Thomas Aquinas are chiefly drawn from the sketch in the new edition of the March volume of the *Année Dominicaine* (Jevain, Lyons).

the limits of Christian philosophy, and to form the separate materials of dogmatic, moral, and speculative theology into one grand and finished structure, whilst at the same time he enriched the Church's liturgy with some of the most beautiful of its devotional formularies, and displayed in his life and character all the virtues and winning graces of a Saint.

Picturesquely situated in southern Italy on the top of a rugged cliff flanking a spur of the Apennines, and overlooking the rushing waters of the Melfi, there stood in mediæval times the fortress of Rocca-Secca. Here St. Thomas was born about the year 1225 (authors are not agreed as to the precise date); and to the neighbouring little town of Aquino he owed his surname of Aquinas. The Count, his father, was nephew to the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and on his mother's side, he was descended from the Norman Barons who had conquered Sicily two centuries before. The Aquino family could claim relationship with St. Gregory the Great, and was allied by blood to St. Louis of France and St. Ferdinand of Castille. The future vocation and sanctity of the little Thomas had been predicted to his mother, the Countess Theodora, by a holy hermit of the name of Bonus; and, whilst he was yet an infant, God's watchful Providence over him was manifested in a striking manner. A terrific thunderstorm burst over the Castle, and his nurse and his little sister were struck dead in the very chamber in which Thomas slept on unharmed. This circumstance accounts for the great fear of thunder and lightning which the Saint is said to have had throughout life, which caused him often to take refuge in the church during a thunderstorm, even leaning his head against the Tabernacle, so as to place himself as closely as possible under the protection of our Lord.*

* Hence the popular devotion to St. Thomas as Patron against thunderstorms and sudden death. Crosses are blessed against lightning, bearing on one side the image of the Saint and on the other a Latin inscription, which he left traced on the wall of a cavern at Anagni, into which he more than once retired during a

The words *Ave Maria* were the first which his baby lips were heard to utter. Long before he could read, a book was discovered to be an unfailing means of drying his tears in all his childish woes; he would delight in handling it, turning over the leaves with infantine gravity.

When only five years old, his education was begun by the monks of the celebrated Benedictine Abbey of Monte Cassino, which was only a few miles distant from Rocca-Secca. The monks found that their new pupil was a grave, quiet child, who loved to spend much of his time in the church, and was never without a book in his hand. He had considerable influence over his young companions, whom he was always ready to help, and to whom the sweetness of his disposition rendered him very dear; but he cared little for the sports of childhood in which he seldom took part. One day, when the rest of the merry band were playing in the woods, Thomas was standing apart in silent thought; the monk in charge of the boys enquired the subject of his reflections. The child raised his head and said: "Tell me, Master, what is God?" This was his oft repeated question, and it showed that the whole bent of his mind and heart was already directed heavenward.

At ten years old, he had made such progress in his studies that his parents resolved to send him, under the care of a tutor, to the newly-founded University of Naples. Before doing so, however, they took him to spend some weeks with them at another of their castles at Loreto, a spot afterwards destined to become so famous as the resting-place of the Holy House of Nazareth. A famine prevailed at the time, and Thomas delighted in distributing the abundant alms which his charitable parents had set aside for the poor. He carried his liberality so far that the steward of the Castle complained

thunderstorm, and of which the following is a translation: "The Cross to me is certain salvation. The Cross is that which I ever adore. The Cross of the Lord is with me. The Cross is my refuge."

to his father. The Count waylaid the child as he was hurrying with bread to the gate and sternly asked what was hidden under his cloak. Thomas let go the folds, and there fell to the ground, not the food which he had taken, but a profusion of lovely and sweet-scented flowers.

On his arrival in Naples, the extraordinary talents of which he had already given proof under his Benedictine teachers, became more and more manifest, whilst at the same time he made rapid progress in the science of the Saints. He was continually held up as a model to his fellow-students in a way most painful to his humility; but the modesty, sweetness, and gentleness of his character preserved him from envy, and gained for him universal affection. He shunned all occasions of evil, and devoted his leisure hours to prayer and good works. The Dominican church became one of his favourite resorts; and, as he poured forth his soul in prayer before the altar, bright rays of light were more than once seen to issue from his countenance. A holy Friar, named John of St. Julian, who had witnessed the wonderful sight, one day said to the pious youth: "God has given you to our Order." Thomas threw himself on his knees, saying that he had long and ardently desired to take the habit, but that he feared he was unworthy of so great a grace. The Community joyfully admitted the young student; and, whilst still almost a boy, he was publicly clothed in the white habit of St. Dominic.

The news soon reached the ears of the Countess Theodora, his mother, who, recognizing in the event the fulfilment of the holy hermit's prophecy, hastened to Naples to congratulate her son. Thomas and the brethren, however, who were ignorant of her dispositions, were much alarmed at the idea of the impending visit; and, in compliance with his own earnest entreaties, the novice was hurried off to the Convent of Santa Sabina in Rome. Thither his mother followed him, but she was unable to induce him to consent to an interview. The General of the Order, John the German, was on the

point of starting for Paris and resolved to take Thomas and three other companions with him; and they accordingly left Rome together. When Theodora found herself thus foiled and mistrusted, she became furious against the friars, and sent orders to her two elder sons, who were then serving in the Emperor's army in Italy, to waylay their brother and bring him back to her. The little party of friars were overtaken and seized as they were taking their midday rest by a wayside fountain. The rough soldiers tried to tear the habit from Thomas's back; but his stout resistance compelled them to give up the attempt. His companions were suffered to continue their journey, whilst the young novice was carried off to his angry parents at Rocca-Secca.

The Countess was now determined that he should never be a Dominican; and his father, who would gladly have seen him assume the Benedictine habit, that, like one of his uncles, he might rise to the dignity of Abbot of Monte Cassino, was equally determined that he should never belong to the despised mendicant Order he had embraced. Tears, threats, and entreaties proving powerless to shake the Saint's resolution, he was imprisoned in one of the towers of the Castle, where he had to suffer cold, hunger, and every sort of privation. His two sisters, Marietta and Theodora, to whom he was tenderly attached, vainly endeavoured by their affectionate caresses to induce him to yield to his mother's wishes; but they were themselves won to a life of perfection; and both eventually died in the odour of sanctity, one as a Benedictine Abbess, the other in the married state as Countess of San Severino. Through their instrumentality, Thomas was enabled to obtain books and clothes from his Brethren at Naples. During his captivity, which lasted considerably more than a year, he managed to commit to memory the entire Bible and the five books of the "Sentences," the theological text-book of the time. His earliest writings are said to belong to the same period.

On the arrival of his brothers, Thomas's constancy was put to a yet more terrible trial. The two young officers

conceived the infernal project of introducing a woman of evil life into his chamber; but with a flaming brand snatched from the hearth the Saint indignantly drove her from his presence. With the same brand he then traced a cross upon the wall; and, casting himself on his knees before it, besought of God to grant him the gift of perpetual chastity. As he prayed, he fell into an ecstasy, during which two angels appeared to him and girded him with a miraculous cord, saying: "We are come from God to invest thee with the girdle of perpetual chastity. The Lord has heard thy prayer; and that which human frailty can never merit, is ensured to thee by the irrevocable gift of God." The angels girded him so tightly that he uttered an involuntary cry of pain, which brought some servants to the spot; but Thomas kept his secret to himself, and only revealed it on his deathbed to his confessor, Brother Reginald, declaring that from that day the spirit of darkness had never been allowed to approach him. The girdle was worn by the Saint till his death, and is still preserved at the Convent of Chieri in Piedmont.

By this time his family had discovered that his firmness* would not be overcome by persecution. Though unwilling to acknowledge themselves beaten, they connived at his escape, and, like St. Paul, he was let down from the tower in a basket to the friars, who by appointment were waiting below. They carried off their rescued treasure to Naples, where he was immediately admitted to profession. One more attempt was made to shake his constancy by an appeal to the Pope, who summoned him to Rome; but the Saint pleaded his cause so well that the Holy Father was convinced of the reality of his vocation. In order to satisfy his family, however, and to secure in an important post the services of so gifted a subject, the Pope proposed to make him

* In the 16th century a Confraternity was established, called "the Angelic Warfare," to obtain through the intercession of St. Thomas the virtue of chastity. This Confraternity still flourishes and has been enriched with many Indulgences.

Abbot of Monte Cassino, whilst still continuing a Dominican. But St. Thomas implored so earnestly that he might be allowed to remain a simple religious in the Order he had chosen, that his Holiness yielded, and strictly forbade any further interference with his vocation.

To put him beyond reach of further molestation, the General of the Order took him with him to Cologne, where he became the disciple of Blessed Albert the Great, the renowned Dominican professor of the day. When St. Thomas found himself safe within the Convent walls, he devoted himself with ardour to the work of his sanctification. His time was divided between prayer and study. His humility enabled him to conceal his vast powers of mind; and his absolute silence at all the scholastic disputations, rendered more conspicuous by his commanding stature and the portliness of his figure, led his companions to call him "the dumb ox of Sicily."* A good-natured fellow-student offered to explain the daily lessons to him, an offer which the Saint humbly and gratefully accepted. But one day the young teacher came to a difficult passage, which he interpreted wrongly. Then the Saint's charity and love of truth triumphed over his humility; and, taking the book, he explained the passage with the utmost clearness and precision. His astonished friend begged in future to be the scholar, to which Thomas consented, on condition his secret should be kept. Shortly after this, a paper written by the Saint and containing a masterly solution of a most abstruse question, fell accidentally into the hands of Blessed Albert. Astonished at the genius it displayed, he next day put the learning of his saintly disciple to a public test, and exclaimed before the assembled students: "We call Brother Thomas 'the dumb ox;' but I tell you he will one day make his bellowing heard to the uttermost parts of the earth "

* *i.e.*, Naples.

II. Work in his Order and in the Church.

In the summer of 1245, a year after St. Thomas's arrival at Cologne, the General Chapter commanded Blessed Albert to proceed to Paris in order to take the degree of Doctor in that University, and he obtained permission to take Brother Thomas as his companion. The two Saints set out on foot, staff in hand, carrying on their shoulders the breviary and Bible, to which Brother Thomas added the book of "Sentences." At midday they rested by some spring to eat the food they had begged on their way. At night they generally found shelter in the guest quarters of some monastery. In this manner they reached the convent of St. James at Paris, where St. Thomas became the model of the whole Community, by his spirit of prayer, his profound humility, perfect obedience, and universal charity. He tried to imitate the virtues he observed in his brethren, and judged himself utterly unworthy of living in such saintly company. Never was he known to utter an idle word; when he did speak, the charm of his heavenly conversation filled all who heard him with spiritual consolation. A celestial grace beamed from his beautiful countenance; so that some said they had only to look at him to feel within themselves a renewal of fervour.

A young Franciscan was at this time studying at Paris, Bonaventure by name, to whom St. Thomas became knit in bonds of closest friendship; they, who were in after ages to be honoured in the Church as the Seraphic and Angelic Doctors, were dear to each other on earth as Jonathan and David; and after their three years of study, they were raised together to the degree of Bachelor of Theology, in 1248. In the November of that year, Blessed Albert was sent back to Cologne, again accompanied by St. Thomas, who taught under his direction. Scholars were not slow to discover that the two Dominican professors excelled all others, and the new school at Cologne was soon filled to overflowing.

St. Thomas's lessons fully bore out the five principles of teaching which he has himself laid down, viz., clearness, brevity, utility, sweetness, and maturity. He possessed a wonderful gift of communicating knowledge, so that more was learnt from him in a few months than from others in several years.

It was soon after his return to Cologne that the Saint was raised to the priesthood; from that time he seemed more closely than ever united to God. He used to spend many hours of the day and a great part of the night in the church; whilst offering the Holy Sacrifice he shed abundant tears, and the ardour of his devotion communicated itself to those who assisted at his Mass.

After teaching for four years at Cologne, Thomas was ordered by the General Chapter to prepare to take his degree as Doctor. This was a terrible blow to his humility, as he sincerely judged himself unfit for the dignity. On his way to Paris, whither he had now to repair, he preached at the court of the Duchess of Brabant, at whose request he wrote a treatise on the government of the Jews, which is full of wisdom and moderation. Later on, he was often consulted on most important matters of state, specially by St. Louis of France, who was tenderly attached to him. He arrived in Paris in 1252, and from the first his success in teaching was so great that the vast halls of the Convent of St. James were unable to contain his audience. The University congratulated the Order on the acquisition of so great a treasure, and proposed at once to grant him the license preliminary to the acts required for taking the degree of Doctor, although he was nearly ten years under the age required by the statutes.

But this step was delayed by a dispute which arose between the Friars and the secular Doctors. The quarrel originated in the refusal of the former to take an oath to close their schools whenever the rights of the University were attacked; and it was fanned into a flame by the publication of a book, entitled "*The perils of the Latter Times*," in which the new mendicant Orders were

attacked in the most calumnious and scandalous terms. This work, which came from the pen of a Paris Doctor, William de St. Amour, a man of violent and heretical opinions, was referred by St. Louis to the judgment of the Pope. St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure were summoned to the Papal Court to act as the champions of the regulars, and the pen of Blessed Albert the Great was also called into requisition. St. Thomas's eloquent defence procured the condemnation of the book, and delivered the mendicant Orders from destruction ; and by the joint exertions of the Pope and St. Louis, the University was compelled to yield, and to readmit the Friars to their theological chairs. On the 23rd of October, 1257, the two Saints were allowed to take their Doctor's degree. St. Thomas's humility had been so sorely distressed at the idea of this promotion, that he could not bring himself to prepare the preliminary public address until the very eve of the day on which it was to be delivered. Then, as it would seem by divine inspiration, he chose for his text the words of the 103rd Psalm, v. 13 : "Thou waterest the hills from Thy upper rooms ; the earth shall be filled with the fruit of Thy works," words which he interpreted to refer to Jesus Christ, Who, as the head of men and angels, waters the heavenly spirits with glory, whilst He fills the Church militant on earth with the fruits of His works through the Sacraments, which apply the merits of His sacred Passion to our souls. But the event gave to this text the character of a prophecy regarding the Saint's own future career.

In 1259, St. Thomas was deputed, in concert with Blessed Albert and other learned men of the Order, to draw up ordinances to regulate the studies of the Brethren. A year or two later, he was summoned to Italy to teach in the schools attached to the Papal Court. As these schools followed the Pope from place to place, several of the great cities of Italy and many of the convents of his Order enjoyed for a time the privilege of the Saint's teaching. It is pleasant to think that the streets of our own metropolis have probably been trodden by the feet

of the holy Doctor, who is said to have been present at the General Chapter of the Order held in London in 1263.

After being for some time stationed in Rome, he was again appointed to teach in Paris in 1269. The Doctors of the University referred to his decision a controversy which had arisen concerning the sacramental species in the Holy Eucharist. After long and fervent prayer, the Saint put his own opinion on the subject into writing, laid the manuscript at the foot of the Crucifix on the Altar of the Blessed Sacrament, and then prayed as follows: "Lord Jesus, Who art truly present and dost work wonders in this adorable Sacrament, I implore Thee to grant that, if what I have written be the truth, Thou wilt enable me to teach it; but that, if it contains anything contrary to the faith, Thou wilt hinder me from proceeding further in declaring it." Then the other Friars, who were watching, beheld our Lord Himself descend and stand upon the manuscript, and they heard from His Divine lips the words: "Thomas, thou hast written well concerning the Sacrament of My Body." The Saint immediately fell into an ecstasy, in which he was raised a cubit from the ground.

In 1271, he returned to Italy, and began to teach in Rome. During the following Holy Week he preached in St. Peter's on the Passion of our Lord; and those who heard him on Good Friday were moved to tears and ceased not to weep until Easter Day, when his Paschal sermon filled them with holy jubilation. On that day, as he came down from the pulpit, a poor woman who had been hopelessly ill for a long time, kissed the hem of his mantle and was immediately cured. Meanwhile the Universities of Paris and of Naples were vying with each other in their efforts to get possession of the great Doctor. Naples gained the day; and the Saint accordingly repaired, towards the end of the summer of 1272, to this the last scene of his labours as a professor.

During all these busy years of teaching, St. Thomas's pen had been at work indefatigably, enriching the schools and the Church with invaluable treatises, which fill twenty

volumes. Within the narrow limits of these pages it is impossible to do more than name a very few of his most important writings. He commented on the works of Aristotle, and purged the text of the pagan philosopher from everything opposed to the truths of the faith, whilst at the same time he chose the terms of Aristotle's philosophy as the most scientific classification of the ideas of the human mind, and thus established a complete system of Christian philosophy. His "Summa against the Gentiles" was written by command of St. Raymond of Pennafort, the third General of the Order, to combat the false philosophical doctrines introduced by the Saracens, into Spain, which were making their way into the Universities of Europe. In this work St. Thomas demonstrates the truth of revealed religion and triumphantly proves that Christianity can never be contrary to sound reason. The holy Doctor has written treatises on the Our Father, the Hail Mary, and the Creed, Commentaries on various parts of Holy Scripture, and answers to sundry questions proposed to him for solution. Pope Urban IV. charged him with the task of collecting all the most beautiful passages of the Fathers of the Church on the Gospels. The result was his "Catena Aurea" or "Golden Chain," which is entirely made up of quotations, written in great part from memory. The Saint, as he travelled from convent to convent, had read the works, now of one, now of another, of the Fathers, and his marvellous memory enabled him to retain and transcribe the passages bearing on his subject. The most famous of his works is his "Summa of Theology" at which he laboured, in the intervals of teaching and preaching, for the last nine years of his life and which he did not live to complete.

Of this work, Pope John XXII. is reported to have said that St. Thomas had worked as many miracles as it contains articles; and its value is perhaps best attested by the hatred with which it has ever been regarded by heretics. In 1520, Luther caused it to be burnt in the public square of Wittenberg, and

another of the so-called Reformers, Martin Bucer, exclaimed: "Suppress Thomas and I will destroy the Church;" "A vain wish," remarks Pope Leo XIII., "but not a vain testimony." At the Council of Trent, three works of reference only were laid on the table of the hall of Assembly: they were the Holy Scriptures, the Pontifical Acts, and the "Summa" of St. Thomas; and from the "Summa" the Catechism of the Council of Trent was compiled by three Dominican Fathers.

But perhaps St. Thomas's chief title to the love and veneration of the faithful generally is the part which he took in the institution of the Feast of Corpus Christi. When he presented to Pope Urban IV. the first part of his "*Catena Aurea*," about 1263, the delighted Pontiff wished in token of gratitude to raise him to the episcopate. But St. Thomas threw himself on his knees and implored the Holy Father to grant, as the only reward he would ever accept for his labours, that the Feast of the Blessed Sacrament, already established through the prayers of the Blessed Juliana and the influence of the Dominican Cardinal Hugh of St. Cher, in Germany and the Low Countries, should be extended to the Universal Church. Urban gladly consented, and ordered St. Thomas to write the Office of the Feast. In this Office each of the responsories at matins is composed of two sentences, one drawn from the Old, and the other from the New Testament, which are thus made to render their united testimony to the great central mystery of Catholic belief. With its hymns, the *Verbum Supernum* and *Pange Lingua* we are all familiar, and specially with their concluding stanzas, the *O Salutaris* and the *Tantum Ergo*, always sung at Benediction; and from childhood our hearts have thrilled within us as we walked in processions of the Blessed Sacrament to the strains of the *Lauda Sion*.

Before presenting his Office to the Pope, St. Thomas placed it before the Tabernacle, and the miracle formerly worked at Paris was renewed, the words of approval

proceeding from the lips of a crucifix still venerated at Orvieto. A similar testimony of divine approval was granted to the Saint at Naples, and was witnessed by one of the friars. On this occasion also our Lord spoke to him from a Crucifix which is preserved in the Church of San Domenico Maggiore, saying: "Thou hast written well of Me, Thomas. What reward wilt thou have?" To which the Saint fervently replied: "No other than Thyself, O Lord."

To the pen of St. Thomas we are also indebted for the *Adoro Te*, for beautiful devotions before and after Holy Communion, and many other prayers solid in doctrine and beautiful in expression. It is a tradition that he composed the well-known prayer, the "Soul of Christ, sanctify me," which was a favourite one of St. Ignatius who introduced it into his book of spiritual exercises, though leaving out the lovely petition, "Light of the sacred countenance of Jesus, shine down upon me," which is found in the old forms of the prayer. This petition occurs in the version of the *Anima Christi*, found in an old prayer-book called the "York Hours," where it is stated to have been indulged by Pope John XXII. when said after the elevation at Mass. This prayer-book was published in 1517, four years before the conversion of St. Ignatius.

III. Personal Traits.

St. Thomas was tall and inclined to corpulence, with a fine massive head, a lofty forehead, refined and handsome features, and large gentle eyes beaming with benevolence. His manners were singularly winning and graceful; and his prodigious powers of mind were accompanied by a childlike simplicity of character, which, no less than the purity of his doctrine, gained for him the title of the "Angel of the Schools." Though raised so high above others by his gigantic intellectual powers, he was the sweetest and most charitable of masters and

of fathers, always ready to stoop to the capacity of the youngest and dullest of his scholars. No matter how important the affair might be on which he was engaged, his cell was always open to his brethren whenever they wished to speak to him, and he would cheerfully turn from the most absorbing occupation to give them his undivided attention. He listened to their difficulties, explained their doubts, and comforted them in their troubles. Nothing that concerned them was trifling in his eyes, and he never showed himself weary of their interruptions and importunities. In return, they bore him the tenderest affection; "Doctor noster," they loved to call him; and the sincerity of their attachment was amply proved by the bitterness of their grief when he was taken from them.

Long after his death, those who had known him could never speak of him without tears, so dearly did they love him. True son of St. Dominic, he cared only to speak of God or to God, and could not understand how religious could take interest in any other topic. If the conversation turned to other subjects, he ceased to take part in it; and he owned to his companions that it surprised him that a religious could think of anything but God. And what was perfectly incomprehensible to him was, how any one who knew himself to be in the state of mortal sin, could eat, sleep, or be merry. When seculars came to seek advice and consolation from him, he lent them a willing ear, and after solving their doubts and consoling their sorrows, he never failed to tell them some short pious story or to speak a few words of edification, and then dismissed them, their hearts glowing with spiritual joy and divine love.

We can picture St. Thomas to ourselves enjoying his ordinary recreation of walking up and down the cloister of his convent, occasionally dragged off by his brethren to take a breath of fresh air in the garden, but sure in such cases soon to be found in some remote corner, absorbed in thought. Of this abstraction of mind, some amusing anecdotes are preserved, as for example that which

shows him to us dining with St. Louis, and suddenly striking the table with his hand, exclaiming: "It is all up with the Manichees!" His companion gently endeavoured to recall him to the remembrance of the royal presence, whilst the good-natured King instantly summoned a secretary to commit to writing the convincing argument which had just presented itself to the mind of his saintly guest. Again at Naples, when the Cardinal Legate and the Archbishop of Capua came to visit him, he went to the cloister to receive them, but on the way became so absorbed in the solution of a theological difficulty, that, by the time he arrived, he had forgotten all about the business and the visitors that had called him, and stood like one in a dream. The Archbishop, who had formerly been his pupil, assured the Cardinal that these reveries were perfectly familiar to all who were acquainted with the Saint's habits. This abstraction of mind at times rendered him insensible to pain, as for example, when a wax candle once burnt his hand, while he remained in thought, unconscious of the pain.

The austere life of St. Thomas and his incessant labours increased the natural delicacy of his constitution, and he had frequent attacks of illness, which, however, do not appear ordinarily to have caused him to desist from the labour of composition. Surgery was rough and ready in the thirteenth century; and the extreme sensitiveness of St. Thomas's organization rendered its operations very terrible to him. On one occasion, when obliged to undergo a cautery, he begged the infirmarian to warn him of the coming of the surgeons, when he stretched himself on his bed and immediately went into ecstasy, remaining motionless whilst his flesh was burnt by the red hot irons. His clothes were always the poorest in the convent, and his love of holy poverty was so great that his "*Summa against the Gentiles*" was written on the backs of old letters and other scraps of paper. In vain did the Sovereign Pontiffs press upon his acceptance the Archbishopric of Naples and other

ecclesiastical dignities, together with ample revenues; nothing could shake his determination to live and die a simple religious; and they were obliged to withdraw their offers, being unwilling to afflict one so dear to them. He who was the oracle of his age loved to preach to the poor and lowly; and we are told that they always listened to him gladly and with much fruit to their souls. He was full of compassion for their wants, and even gave away his own clothes to cover them.

Humility was ever his characteristic virtue. So thoroughly had he realized the greatness of God, and his own nothingness, that in a moment of intimacy he was able to say to a friend: "Thanks be to God! never has my knowledge, my title of Doctor, nor any of my scholastic acts aroused in me a single movement of vain-glory. If any motion has arisen, reason has instantly repressed it." From his humility, sprang his extreme modesty in the expression of his opinion; never in the heat of disputation or at any other time was he known to lose his unruffled serenity of temper, or to say a word that could wound the feelings of another; and he bore the most cutting insults with imperturbable calmness. His life is full of examples of his spirit of humility and religious obedience. On one occasion, when, as a young religious, he was reading in the refectory at Paris, he was told by the official corrector to pronounce a word in a way evidently incorrect. St. Thomas obeyed, and made the false quantity. When asked how he could have consented to so obvious a blunder, he replied: "It matters little whether a syllable be long or short; but it matters much to practise humility and obedience." In later years, when the Saint was teaching at Bologna, a lay brother obtained leave from the Prior to take as companion the first religious brother whom he should find disengaged. Seeing St. Thomas, who was a stranger to him, walking up and down the cloister, he addressed himself to him, saying that the Prior wished him to accompany him through the city, where he had business to transact. The Saint, though

suffering from lameness, and perfectly aware that the lay brother was under some mistake, immediately obeyed the summons, and went limping through the city after his companion, who, from time to time found fault with him for his slowness. When the lay brother discovered his mistake his apologies were profuse; but the Saint replied, "Don't be troubled, my dear brother; I am the one to blame. I am only sorry that I could not be more useful." To those who asked why he did not explain the mistake, he gave this golden answer: "Obedience is the perfection of the religious life; by it man submits to man for the love of God, as God rendered Himself obedient unto men for their salvation."

St. Thomas was very slow to believe evil of others; he always thought everyone was better than himself; but, when a fault was proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, he wept over it as though he had committed it himself; and his zeal demanded that it should be severely corrected, according to the saying of St. Augustine, "with charity towards the offender, and hatred against the sin."

One of the brethren once pressed him to say what he considered the greatest favour he had ever received from God, sanctifying grace, of course excepted. After a few moments' reflection, he replied: "I think that of having understood whatever I have read." He remembered everything he had once heard, so that his mind was like a well-stocked library. He often wrote, dictating at the same time on other subjects to three or four secretaries, and never losing the thread of the arguments.

Of St. Thomas's manner of spending his day the following particulars have been preserved. After the short time absolutely necessary for sleep, he would rise in the night and come down to the church to pray, returning to his cell just before the bell rang for matins, that his vigil might pass unnoticed. He would then go down again to office with the community, often prolonging his prayer till day-break. After preparing by

penance, confession, and meditation, he celebrated the first mass, and for his thanksgiving heard another mass, which he often served. He had composed prayers for all his daily actions, some of which are still preserved. At the elevation he was accustomed to repeat the words: "Thou, O Christ, art the King of Glory," with the remaining verses of the *Te Deum*. Although lawfully dispensed from attendance in choir by his duties of teaching and writing and by the numerous visits of those who sought his advice, he assisted with the rest of the brethren at all the hours of the Divine Office, at which he often shed tears of devotion.

When his morning spiritual exercises were ended, he gave his lectures on Theology or Holy Scripture, after which he returned to his cell and wrote or dictated till dinner-time. He ate but once in the day, and was perfectly indifferent to what was set before him. Indeed, in the refectory he was so absorbed in prayer and thought, as to become quite unconscious of external things, and his plate was often changed or his food taken away by the servers, without any notice on his part. After dinner he conversed for a short time with the brethren, then refreshed his soul with a little spiritual reading, his favourite book being the *Conferences of Cassian*. After a short repose, he resumed his labours. Compline in choir with the chanting of the *Salve Regina* ended the day. The angelic doctor was full of childlike devotion to Our Blessed Lady. His confessor, Brother Reginald, declared that St. Thomas had never asked anything through Mary without obtaining it; and the Saint himself specially attributed to her intercession the grace of living and dying in the Dominican Order, according to his own earnest desire. During the whole of one Lent, he preached on the words: "Ave Maria," and the same cherished words are to be found in his own hand-writing over and over again on the margin of an autograph copy of the "Summa against the Gentiles," recently discovered in Italy. On his death-bed he confided to Brother Reginald that Our

Lady had appeared to him several times, and assured him of the good state of his soul and the solidity of his doctrine. The holy Apostles SS. Peter and Paul also favoured him with their visits, and explained to him difficult passages of Scripture. The Epistles of St. Paul were his favourite subjects of meditation, and he was accustomed to recommend them to others for the same purpose. He had a special devotion to St. Augustine, whose proper Office, still in use in the Dominican Order, he composed from the holy Doctor's works. St. Thomas used to wear round his neck a relic of the virgin martyr, St. Agnes, of which he once made use to cure Brother Reginald of a fever, which attacked him on a journey to Naples; and from that time we are told the holy Doctor resolved to celebrate the feast of St. Agnes with special solemnity, and, with a touch of nature that showed human sympathy in the midst of his abstract studies, to have a better dinner provided in the refectory on that day.

"His marvellous science," says Brother Reginald, "was due far less to the power of his genius than to the efficacy of his prayer. Before studying, entering on a discussion, reading, writing, or dictating, he always gave himself to prayer. He prayed with tears to obtain from God the understanding of His mysteries, and abundant light was granted to his mind." If he met with a difficulty, he joined fasting and penance to his prayer, and all his doubts were dispelled. On one occasion, St. Bonaventure, coming to visit him, saw an angel assisting him in his labours.

Among his remarkable sayings may be mentioned the answer he gave to his sister, when she asked him what she must do to become a saint. "Velle," he replied—*i.e.*, "Will it." Being asked what were the signs of the perfection of the soul, he replied: "If I saw a man fond of trifles in conversation, desirous of honour, and unwilling to be despised, I would not believe him perfect, even if I saw him work miracles."

IV. His death. Honours rendered him by the Church.

On the feast of St. Nicholas, December 6th, 1273, St. Thomas was saying Mass in the chapel of the Saint in the convent of Naples, when he received a revelation which so changed him that from that time he could neither write nor dictate. Shortly afterwards, in answer to Brother Reginald's pressing entreaties, he said to him : "The end of my labours is come. All that I have written appears to me as so much straw, after the things that have been revealed to me. I hope in the mercy of God that the end of my life may soon follow the end of my labours."

He was suffering from illness when he received a summons from the Pope to attend the General Council convoked at Lyons for the reunion of the Greek and Latin Churches. The Saint therefore started from Naples, accompanied by Brother Reginald and some other friars, on the 28th January, A.D. 1274. On the way he was taken much worse. "If our Lord is about to visit me," he said to his companions, "it is better he should find me in a religious house than among seculars." As he was not within reach of a Dominican convent, he yielded to the pressing invitation of some Cistercian friends, and allowed them to carry him to their Abbey of Fossa Nuova. He went straight to the church to adore the Blessed Sacrament; and then, as he passed through the cloister, he exclaimed: "Here is the place of my rest for ever." He was lodged in the Abbot's own room and waited upon with the utmost charity. The monks went themselves to the forest to cut wood for his fire; and on seeing them bringing a load into his chamber, the Saint cried out: "Whence is this, that the servants of God should thus serve a man like me, bringing such heavy burdens from a distance?" In compliance with the earnest entreaties of the Cistercians, he began to expound to them the Cantic of Canticles; but he did not live to complete his exposition. As his end approached, he with many tears made a general

confession of his whole life to Brother Reginald, and then asked to be laid on ashes on the ground when the Holy Viaticum was brought to him. On beholding the Blessed Sacrament, he raised himself into a kneeling posture, and said in a clear and distinct voice, whilst the tears chased each other down his face : " I receive Thee, the price of my soul's ransom ; I receive Thee, the Viaticum of my soul's pilgrimage ; for Whose love I have studied, watched and laboured, preached and taught. I have written much and have often disputed on the mysteries of Thy law, O my God ; Thou knowest I have desired to teach nothing save what I have learnt from Thee. If what I have written be true, accept it as a homage to Thy Infinite Majesty ; if it be false, pardon my ignorance. I consecrate all I have ever done to Thee, and submit all to the infallible judgment of Thy Holy Roman Church, in whose obedience I am about to depart this life." Just before receiving the Sacred Host, he uttered his favourite ejaculation : " Thou, O Christ, art the King of glory, Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father." After receiving the Holy Viaticum, he made fervent acts of faith and love in the words of his own beautiful *Adoro Te*. On the following day while receiving Extreme Unction, he calmly answered all the prayers, whilst the voices of the assistants were choked by their sobs. He tried to comfort his own brethren who were inconsolable at their approaching loss, and most gratefully thanked the Cistercians for their charity. One of them asked him what was the best way of living without offending God : " Be certain," replied the Saint, " that he who walks in the presence of God and is always ready to give Him an account of his actions, will never be separated from Him by sin." They were his last words. Shortly after he fell into his agony and peacefully expired, March 7th, 1274, not having yet completed his 50th year.

On that same day, Blessed Albert, then at Cologne, burst into tears in presence of the community, and exclaimed : " Brother Thomas Aquinas, my son in Christ, who was the light of the Church, is dead. God has revealed it to me."

At Naples too, God was pleased to make known the death of the Saint in a miraculous manner. One of the Friars, whilst praying in the church, fell into an ecstasy, in which he seemed to behold the Holy Doctor teaching in the schools, surrounded by a vast multitude of disciples. St. Paul the Apostle then appeared, with a company of saints, and St. Thomas asked him if he had interpreted his Epistles rightly. "Yes," replied the Apostle, "as far as any one still in the flesh can understand them; but come with me; I will lead you to a place where you will have a clearer understanding of all things." The Apostle then seemed to lay his hand on St. Thomas's mantle and to lead him away; and the Friar who beheld the vision, startled the community by crying out three times in a loud voice: "Alas! Alas! our Doctor is being taken away from us!"

St. Thomas's funeral was celebrated at the Abbey with great solemnity. Brother Reginald made a short address, often interrupted by his own sobs and those of his hearers. He declared that, having been for many years St. Thomas's confessor, he could solemnly attest that the holy Doctor had never lost his baptismal innocence, and had died as pure and free from stain as a child of five years old. He then mentioned some particular favours which St. Thomas had forbidden him to reveal during his life-time.

Several revelations of the Saint's glory were made after his death, of which the following is perhaps one of the most interesting. A fervent disciple of his prayed earnestly that he might know the rank to which his beloved Master had been raised in glory. One day, as he was making his usual petition before the Altar of Our Lady, two venerable personages, encompassed with a marvellous light, suddenly stood before him. One of them was arrayed as a Bishop; the other wore the habit of a Friar Preacher, but it was resplendent with precious stones; on his head was a crown of gold and diamonds; from his neck hung two chains of gold and silver; and an immense carbuncle, in the form of a sun, shone upon

his breast, shedding forth rays of light all around. "God has heard your prayer," said the former; "I am Augustine, Doctor of the Church, sent to acquaint you with the glory of Thomas Aquinas, who reigns with me and who has illuminated the Church with his knowledge. This is signified by the precious stones with which he is covered. That which shines on his breast signifies the right intention with which he has defended the faith; the others denote the books and writings he has composed. Thomas is my equal in glory: but he has surpassed me by the aureola of virginity."

St. Thomas was canonized by Pope John XXII. at Avignon, 1323. It was not until A.D. 1367 that the Dominicans succeeded in obtaining possession of his body, which they conveyed to their convent at Toulouse, where it was received with every demonstration of honour. An annual festival is kept in the Order on January 28th, in memory of this translation, which was accompanied by many miracles. Valuable relics of the Saint have been given to various convents of the Order. At the time of the French Revolution, the Saint's remains were removed to the crypt of the Church of St. Sernin at Toulouse, where they still repose.

In 1567, St. Pius V. conferred on St. Thomas the title of Doctor of the Church; and Pope Leo XIII., by a Brief of August 4th, 1880, instituted him Patron of all Catholic Universities, Academies, Colleges, and Schools.





St. Rose of Lima

*Virgin of the Order of St. Dominic.**

(1586-1617.)

Early Life of St. Rose. Her austerities.

ABOUT thirty years after the discovery of the New World, a band of Spanish adventurers undertook the conquest of the rich territory in South America, lying between the Andes and the Pacific. Profiting by civil dissensions, they succeeded in making themselves masters of the country, and, on the Feast of the Epiphany, A.D. 1535, their leader, Francis Pizarro, laid the foundation stone of the "City of the Kings," better known to us as Lima, the capital of Peru. The gentle natives might easily have been won to the faith of Christ, but the cruelty, treachery, and rapacity of their Spanish conquerors was a continual obstacle to the spread of the Gospel. Fifty years later, the country presented a melancholy spectacle. The Indian population had, indeed, been partly converted, but large numbers still clung to idolatry; and, among those who had embraced the faith, many secretly practised pagan superstitions, and all cherished the hope of one day shaking off the hateful yoke of the invaders. The Spanish settlers were for the most part unprincipled adventurers, attracted only by the prospect of amassing wealth, and eluding all orders emanating from the mother-country which in any way tended to

* The facts mentioned in the following pages are taken from the beautiful French Life of the Saint, entitled, *La Perou et Sainte Rose de Lima, par le Vte. M. Th. de Bussierre*, which is itself chiefly drawn from the Bollandists.

better the condition of the natives. Some of the Viceroy's were men of noble and upright character, and the clergy were active and exemplary in their lives, and everywhere exerted themselves in defence of the oppressed Indians; but they were too few in number for the great work of evangelising the country. Such briefly was the condition of Peru, when God in His mercy bestowed on the unhappy land a Saint whose prayers and penances, we cannot doubt, did much to avert the scourges of His wrath, and to draw down countless blessings.

On the 20th of April, 1586, there was born in the city of Lima a child, who received in baptism the name of Isabella. She was one of a large family; her father, Gaspar de Flores, was a soldier of noble birth, but destitute of fortune; her mother was called Maria d'Olive. Three months after the birth of the little Isabella, as her mother and several other women were sitting round her cradle, there suddenly appeared in the air a beautiful rose, which gently touched the face of the babe and then vanished. From that day Maria always called the child Rose, a name which was afterwards bestowed upon her in confirmation, and which has received the solemn sanction of the Church. Even from infancy God showered down His choicest graces on this favoured soul. Whilst still almost a baby, the little Rose might often be seen gazing intently on a picture which hung in one of the rooms of her father's house and represented our Lord clothed in the purple garment and crowned with thorns; and, when only three years old, she had already learnt to bear sufferings with heroic patience for the love of Him. Her thumb having been accidentally crushed by the closing of a heavy door, the child did not utter a sound nor even change countenance, but hastily hid her hand under her pinafore, lest her mother should be distressed by the sight of the injury; and she afterwards submitted to a severe surgical operation with a smile upon her face, and without giving the smallest sign of pain. On another occasion she was suffering from a terrible abscess, aggravated by

mistaken treatment. When asked by her mother how she could have borne such agony without uttering a word of complaint or seeking any relief, the little one said that her pains were very endurable; and then added, pointing to her beloved picture: "Those caused by the Crown of Thorns were far more cruel." At four years old, she had begun to practise severe penances for the sake of Him whom she already called her "Beloved." She would persuade the Peruvian servant, Mariana, to lay heavy blocks of wood upon her shoulders, whilst she knelt, with her little hands joined, meditating on the carrying of the Cross, till she fell beneath her load, and at other times she would oblige the same person to beat her or trample her under foot.

When the child was about four and a half, her lessons began, but, though she was the most docile and attentive of scholars, her mother complained of the wearisomeness of teaching her. When little Rose scarcely knew her letters, she one day brought her book to her mother's knee and, to the amazement of the latter, read quite fluently, and then displayed a beautiful page of writing, saying: "I asked God to teach me to read and write, to spare you the trouble, mother; and He has heard my prayer." Rose only employed her divinely-acquired knowledge to read books which would help her to advance in perfection. She specially delighted in the Life of St. Catherine of Siena, which she studied with the utmost attention, choosing that Saint as her guide and mistress, and resolving to walk faithfully in her footsteps. As our narrative proceeds, we shall recognize many striking features of resemblance between the life of the Virgin-Saint of Lima and that of her seraphic patroness.

On completing her fifth year, St. Rose consecrated her virginity to God by vow, promising henceforth to live only for the accomplishment of His holy Will. An apparently trivial incident, which occurred about this time, seems to have exercised a powerful influence in confirming her in her holy resolutions. Her brothers and sisters were playing with some companions of their

own age, whilst Rose, according to her custom, stood silent and recollected in a corner of the room. The little girls of the party were amusing themselves with their dolls, on which they lavished signs of an affection which to Rose seemed excessive. She remonstrated with them, but only brought upon herself a torrent of ridicule; and her brother Ferdinand threw at her a handful of mud and dust which soiled her hair. The Saint had a horror of dirt, and moved away with an air of distress. Then her brother, half in joke, half in earnest, cried out to her: "Why are you so distressed at your hair being soiled? Do you not know that the fair tresses of young maidens are the cords by which the devil takes possession of those among them who are not on their guard, and drags them into hell? Be assured that your hair, of which you are so proud, is not at all pleasing to God." The words sank into her heart, and were accompanied by a powerful interior light, which showed her the glory and happiness of the elect, the horror and despair of the damned, the hideousness of sin, and the misfortune of those who commit it. She instantly cut off her hair, with the exception of the front locks, concealing what she had done by means of the veil which is commonly worn by females of all ages in Peru. When her mother discovered the fact, she reproved her severely; but, receiving no formal prohibition, Rose continued to keep her hair close cut throughout life.

She was favoured at this early age with a wonderful gift of prayer. She kept herself continually in the presence of God; everything she saw helped to raise her mind and heart to Him; and even in her sleep she might be heard repeating: "May Jesus be with me! Blessed be Jesus." She was a child of extraordinary beauty, and continually heard herself extolled for the clearness of her complexion and the symmetry of her features. These foolish praises deeply wounded her sensitive humility. She began to fear that there was something of flattery in her name of Rose, which she knew had not been given to her in baptism. In her

distress she had recourse to Our Blessed Lady, and prayed earnestly before an image of the Divine Mother and Child in the Rosary Chapel of the Dominican Church at Lima. Our Lady smiled graciously upon her, and she heard these words: "Thy name is very pleasing to the Son whom I bear in my arms; but henceforth thou shalt add mine to it, and shalt be called Rose of St. Mary. Thy soul must be a fragrant flower, consecrated to Jesus of Nazareth."

It is not our purpose in these few pages to detail the heroic austerities practised by St. Rose. Although perhaps the most distinctive characteristic of her life, yet they are set before us rather for our admiration than our imitation, and, before giving even the briefest account of them, it may be well to recall the teaching of the *Spiritual Combat*, that sanctity consists not in austerity of life or external observances, but rather in the knowledge of God's greatness and our own vileness, in the love of God, and the hatred of ourselves, in the accomplishment of the Will of God, and the absolute denial of our own will. In all these essentials of holiness, St. Rose certainly excelled; in her, suffering was the expression of her love of her Divine Spouse. There can be no doubt that she acted in this matter by the special inspiration of the Holy Ghost, having been chosen as a victim to expiate the terrible iniquities of her countrymen. She was always perfectly obedient to her confessors with regard to her penances; and the very fact that these prudent and enlightened religious, some of them Jesuits, others Dominicans, should have permitted her to practise such terrific austerities, is in itself a proof that they felt God asked this sacrifice at her hands, which it would be rash and presumptuous for ordinary souls to seek to imitate.

St. Rose began her attacks on her lower nature by depriving her body as far as possible of everything which is pleasing to the senses. She was very fond of fruit; from the age of four, she absolutely forbade herself the use of it; and, if any were given to her, she distributed it among her brothers and sisters. She never ate meat; her ordinary

fare consisted of hard crusts, tepid and nauseous water, and a soup of bitter herbs, mixed with gall and ashes; on Fridays she took only bread and gall. During Lent she abstained from bread, and on the Fridays of that holy season contented herself with a mouthful of gall and five orange-pips, in memory of the Five Wounds of our Lord. She sometimes deprived herself altogether of food for a week at a time, supported only by the Holy Eucharist; and in the heat of a tropical summer she would for weeks at a time abstain altogether from drinking. Every night and morning she rubbed her lips and tongue with gall; and to mortify her taste she often chewed nauseous and bitter herbs. She specially chose for this purpose the leaves and stalks of the passion-flower, a plant which she dearly loved, as it reminded her of the suffering of her Divine Spouse. To bring her body into subjection, she deprived it as far as possible of sleep, only allowing herself two hours' repose every night, and this she took on a bed composed of rough logs, strewn with bits of broken glass and earthenware. Full of courage as she was, Rose often shuddered before stretching herself on this instrument of torture. One night, when she felt a greater repugnance than usual to lie down upon it, our Lord deigned to appear to her and encouraged her by recalling to her mind the hard bed of the Cross and the nails which pierced His Sacred Hands and Feet; and from that time her hesitation ceased. The struggle against sleep cost her very dear; and she was obliged to have recourse to the most heroic means to keep herself awake. She would strike her head violently, run needles into her flesh, suspend herself from the nails of a great Crucifix of life-size which she had in her room, or even hang herself up by her few remaining locks of hair to a nail in the wall, just resting the tips of her toes on the ground; and thus compel herself to watch and pray. Several times in the day she took a severe discipline to expiate her own sins and those of others; to avert public misfortunes and the troubles of the Church, to draw down the blessing of God on her native country, to

obtain the conversion of idolaters and sinners, the grace of a good death for those in their agony, and for the eternal repose of the souls in Purgatory. On her head, dexterously concealed under her veil and her few locks of hair, she wore in memory of our Lord's Crown of Thorns a triple silver crown, armed with ninety-nine sharp points; every day she changed the position of the crown, so as to multiply her wounds; and on Fridays and Saturdays, in honour of the sufferings of Jesus and the sorrows of Mary, she fastened it more tightly, so that the points penetrated more deeply into the flesh. She often fastened hard cords tightly round her arms; and at night, in all weathers, she would frequently spend some hours walking barefoot in her parents' garden, bearing on her shoulders an enormous wooden cross. She often fell beneath its weight; and she would then compel her faithful Peruvian attendant, who always accompanied her, to trample upon her and load her with blows and ill-treatment. In the midst of all these terrible self-inflicted sufferings, the Saint's face was always serene and cheerful; no sign ever betrayed the agony she was enduring.

Her love of retirement and manner of life.

St. Rose loved silence and solitude; she hated idle conversations and everything which could distract her from her loving intercourse with her Heavenly Spouse. As a child she had taken no part in childish amusements; and, as she grew older, she constructed for herself in the garden, with the help of her brother Ferdinand, a little oratory of branches, under the shade of a leafy maple. Here she spent whole hours, communing with the Beloved of her soul. Her mother, proud of her beauty, and desirous of finding a suitable match for her, insisted on presenting her to visitors, and taking her to parties and worldly gatherings. In vain did the Saint entreat to be excused from all this dissipation; she was compelled to obey. At length these unwelcome visits and entertainments came to be of almost daily occur-

rence. St. Rose felt that her mother was drawing her from the path marked out for her by our Lord; and, unwilling openly to refuse compliance, she had recourse to innocent stratagems, and inflicted on herself the severest sufferings that she might be unable to obey. Thus on one occasion, she purposely got her foot crushed under a large stone; on another, she burnt both her feet against the oven; very often she rubbed her eyes with a kind of pepper producing a most painful inflammation; and so she was left in peace for a time. But at length the pious fraud was discovered, and she was loaded with blows and reproaches. Her mother once obliged her to put on a beautiful wreath of fresh flowers. Rose obeyed, but fastened the wreath with a needle, which she drove so deeply into the flesh, that she was obliged to have recourse to her faithful Mariana for assistance in drawing it out when the time came for removing the adornment. Nothing was so painful to St. Rose as to hear herself praised. A visitor having once expressed great admiration at the whiteness of her hands, the Saint went and plunged them into quicklime, so that for several weeks they caused her agonizing pain. Her mother now began to press her to wear rich dresses and jewellery, and to make use of cosmetics. The Saint felt that this would offend God; so, for the first time in her life, she humbly but firmly replied that she could not obey. An angry scene ensued; but, by the intervention of her confessor, Rose at length succeeded in obtaining permission to attire herself in a plain dress of coarse material, such as was usually worn by devout women who had taken a vow of virginity without embracing conventual life. This she continued to wear, until she reached the age of twenty, when, as we shall see, she took the habit of the Third Order of St. Dominic.

Her troubles, however, were not yet over. Like her holy mistress, St. Catherine of Siena, she had to undergo a cruel persecution from her family on account of her refusal to marry. The Flores were in straitened circumstances, and a most advantageous

offer had been made for her hand. Her relations were furious when the Saint declined it. Her mother loaded her with blows, and for a considerable time she was treated by the whole family with the utmost contempt as the vilest of hypocrites; they even accused her of being in league with the evil one. Rose rejoiced in the humiliations which were heaped upon her; and little by little the storm calmed down.

St. Rose was the most loving and dutiful of daughters, and consecrated ten hours every day to working for the support of her family. She was wonderfully clever with her needle, and could do more work in a day than any other skilled work-women could do in four. After her death, many were found to bear witness to the spotless cleanliness of the work which came from her hands, and to the exquisite taste with which she embroidered flowers of every variety of colour. To increase the slender resources of the household, the Saint also cultivated several beds in the garden, rearing flowers which were carried to market by the faithful Mariana. God blessed her labours; the plants which she tended, regardless of the ordinary laws of nature, blossomed at all seasons of the year; they were more brilliant in hue, and more fragrant in perfume, than those grown in other gardens, and never failed to find ready purchasers among the flower-loving population of Lima. If any of the family were sick, St. Rose nursed them with the tenderest assiduity, yet without ever quitting that inner cell of the heart, which, after the pattern of St. Catherine, she had formed from her earliest years. So great was her love of obedience, that, when she felt exhausted after her prolonged fasts, she would never take anything without first asking her mother's leave. God permitted that the latter should sometimes leave her request unanswered; in this case Rose never repeated it, but interpreted her mother's silence as an indication that God willed her to continue fasting; and thus she sometimes remained several consecutive days without tasting food. She would also apply to her mother for permission to take the silks and other materials she required

for her work. Doña Flores was naturally of an irritable disposition, and one day said to her daughter: "Why are you so tiresome, Rose? All that you want is in an open cupboard; why can't you go and take it?" To this the Saint humbly replied: "My work is of very little value in itself, so I try to enhance its worth by giving it the merit of obedience." To test her docility, her mother one day made her embroider her flowers on the wrong side, and then unpick the work, and her orders were obeyed with perfect sweetness.

Soon after her refusal to marry, St. Rose obtained leave from her mother to build herself a little wooden cell in a remote part of the garden. It was about five feet long by four broad, and her mother alone possessed the key. When her confessor wondered that she should have made it so small, the Saint answered with a smile: "It will be quite large enough for my Beloved and me." Henceforth it became her custom to repair to this little haven of peace at an early hour in the morning, and only to return to the house late at night. As we have seen, ten hours of her day were spent in manual labour for the support of her family; two hours she allotted to sleep; and the remaining twelve were consecrated to prayer.

At the age of twelve, St. Rose had already attained to that highest degree of prayer, which mystic writers call the prayer of union. Waking or sleeping, the eyes of her soul were ever open to God. Whether she were spinning, sewing, speaking, eating, or walking; in the church, in the garden, in her home, in the streets; always and everywhere, she kept herself in the presence of God. Yet, whilst this divine presence occupied all her interior powers, her external senses were perfectly free. Whilst she was inwardly conversing with God, she employed herself without difficulty in the duties of her state, patiently answered all questions addressed to her, and devoted herself to her occupations with as much promptitude and attention as though she had nothing else to do. Three times a week she went to receive Holy Communion in the church. There she might be

seen like an adoring angel, perfectly motionless, her eyes fixed upon the Tabernacle. She prepared herself for Holy Communion by sacramental confession, shedding floods of tears with as much contrition as though she had been the greatest of sinners; and yet her confessors unanimously testified that she never in her whole life committed a single deliberate venial sin; and she was obliged herself to acknowledge that she had scarcely ever known what it was to feel in herself the slightest opposition to virtue. On the eve of her Communion-days she redoubled her austerities and prepared to receive the Divine Guest with as much fervour as though she were to communicate but once in her life, or as though each Communion were to be her last. When the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, she would remain in the church from morning till night, without moving and without taking any food.

Her Heavenly Favours; Temptations; Virtues.

St. Rose's little cell became to her a paradise of delights. When she read, the mere sight of the Holy Name of Jesus would throw her into an ecstasy. Then her Divine Spouse would appear to her in the form of an infant of surpassing beauty, lying on the book and affectionately caressing her. As she sat at her work, the same Divine Infant would come and sit upon her cushion, stretching out His little arms to her, and telling her, that, as she desired to belong entirely to Him, so He wished to be all hers, to take her heart and to give her His in exchange. These favours were of daily occurrence, and were sometimes witnessed by others. If by midday she had not yet received a visit from her Heavenly Guest, she would implore Him with sighs and tears to come to her, and would send her Guardian Angel to invite Him. Once she had remained till after midnight in her cell; and, when she wished to return to the house, she was too exhausted to take a single step. As she wished to communicate in the

morning, she could not bear the thought of breaking her fast, though she felt herself almost dying from want of food. She therefore humbly had recourse to her Divine Spouse, Who appeared to her and said: "Apply thy lips to the wound of My side, My beloved daughter. It was laid open for the salvation of mankind; and in it the faithful always find the salutary balm of which they stand in need." Rose obeyed, and was immediately consoled and strengthened.

The Heavenly Bridegroom was jealous of the love of this pure heart, and would not suffer Rose to take pleasure in any created thing. As has been already mentioned, she was in the habit of cultivating flowers for the support of her family and the decoration of several altars. Once, when she had been taking special pains to rear some beautiful flowers for the approaching solemnity of the Quarant' Ore, her efforts were blessed with even more than her ordinary success. One plant in particular, known in those parts as the Imperial Crown, had blossomed in the richest profusion. Going one morning to water her favourites, the Saint found them lying uprooted and withered on the ground. As she retraced her steps, feeling somewhat sad and disappointed, our Lord presented Himself before her, saying: "Wherefore this affliction, My daughter? Am not I dearer to thee than all flowers? I wish to be Myself thy Imperial Crown; and for this cause have I destroyed those which thou wast tending with so much care. Rose, thou art My flower, henceforth let Me alone be the flower of thy heart."

St. Rose also enjoyed a sweet familiarity with Our Blessed Lady, from whom she received almost daily visits. Whilst still a child, she had constituted herself a sort of little sacristan of the Rosary Chapel in the Dominican Church. She delighted in keeping it exquisitely clean and beautifully decorated. She bore a special devotion to the image of Our Lady and the Holy Child in this chapel. To its feet she brought all her troubles and all her petitions, and she at once knew whether or not to expect a favourable answer. Sometimes the counten-

ances of the Blessed Virgin and of the Divine Infant assumed a serious and even a threatening aspect. "But," said the Saint, "on these occasions I do not let myself be discouraged. I go on praying until I have succeeded in disarming the wrath of the Divine Babe through the intercession of His Mother, and in obtaining from Him a gracious smile." At one time, the Saint suffered from sleeplessness, and received orders from her Confessor to take a sleeping draught, and allow herself longer rest. It was not till towards morning that the draught began to take effect; and then, in spite of the penitential character of her bed, the Saint slept so profoundly, as often to exceed the prescribed number of hours. Her spirit of obedience took alarm, and she besought the Mother of God to come to her assistance. From that day, Our Lady deigned to take on herself the office of calling her faithful servant. At the appointed hour she would present herself, radiant with beauty, saying: "Rise, my daughter; the hour of prayer is come." Then St. Rose would leave her bed; and, prostrate on the ground, would exclaim with St. Elizabeth: "Whence is it to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to visit me?" One morning, however, the Saint was more weary than usual; and, though she answered the heavenly call and at once sat up, she involuntarily closed her eyes and fell asleep again. Our Lady returned, touched her with her immaculate hands (a thing she had never done before), and said in a graver tone than usual: "Sleep not, my daughter; thou didst earnestly beg of me to call thee at the hour of prayer. Lo! I come a second time. The hour is past." Rose re-opened her eyes and saw the Mother of God departing; but she had not the happiness of beholding, as usual, her beautiful countenance; whence she concluded, with deep contrition, that Our Lady wished to punish her for her idleness.

Like all faithful servants of God, St. Rose was not free from the assaults of the devil. He continually laid snares for her, in the hope, if he could not lead her into sin, of at least disturbing her at her prayers and wearing

out her patience. But it was all in vain. Though he was permitted to strike and ill-treat her, Rose only laughed at his attacks, and drove him from her by calling her Divine Spouse to her aid. Then the evil one began to ill-use her books of devotion, specially her copy of Granada's Meditations, of which she was very fond. He tore the precious volume and threw it upon a heap of filth; but it was presently returned to the Saint, perfectly uninjured. St. Rose would even defy Satan to the combat, bidding him torment her body as much as God permitted. "As for my soul," she added, "thou canst not harm it; it is under the protection of my Divine Spouse." On one occasion, having been tempted to impurity, she pitilessly scourged herself with an iron chain, exclaiming in tears: "O Lord, why hast Thou abandoned me? If Thou hadst been near, never should I have been exposed to so abominable an assault." As she pronounced these words, our Lord appeared before her, casting upon her a look of love and saying to her: "Wouldst Thou have conquered, Rose, if I had not been in thy heart?"

The heavenly favours, of which St. Rose was the object, had the effect of rooting her more and more deeply in humility. The more God exalted her, so much the more did she abase herself, sincerely confessing that she was the last of creatures, the off-scouring of creation. When others contradicted her in this point, she would weep and turn pale and say to them: "I know better than you; no one knows me as I know myself." Nothing pleased her so much as to be despised and ridiculed; whilst praise, on the other hand, caused her the most acute suffering. Whenever she heard herself extolled, she took her revenge by redoubling her mortifications. On one occasion, for example, when she accidentally overheard one of the Canons of the Cathedral speaking of her holy and mortified life, she struck repeated blows on her terrible crown, driving its points more deeply into her head. She did all in her power to conceal her penances and the divine graces with which she was favoured, only a very small portion

of which has come to our knowledge. Her continual austerities having at one time reduced her to a state of utter prostration, she became very thin and pale ; and as she observed that her emaciated countenance attracted attention and respect, she earnestly begged of God to restore her former healthy appearance, without in any way alleviating her sufferings, and her prayer was granted. St Rose's severity to herself was only equalled by her extreme indulgence towards others. She was always ready to make herself the servant of even the lowest ; never did a harsh word escape her lips : never was she seen to give way to the slightest impatience or ill-humour. She knew how to make herself all things to all ; she was quick to discern the virtues and merits of others, and held her neighbours in the highest esteem, as creatures redeemed by the Blood of Christ. She was full of the tenderest gratitude towards God, who had loved her so much, and who had watched over her with such fatherly care. She was continually expressing her love by fervid ejaculations, and earnestly imploring that God would give her grace to love Him more and more. "Those who do not love God," she would say, "do not know how good He is." Though she hated idle conversations, she was never weary of speaking on this her favourite topic ; and the listeners felt their hearts glow within them as her burning words fell upon their ears. One of St. Rose's prayers for obtaining an increase of Divine love has been preserved, and runs as follows : "Adorable Lord Jesus Christ, true God and true Man, our Creator and our Redeemer, I grieve from the bottom of my heart for having so often offended Thee, because Thou art He who is, and because I love Thee above all things. O true God, the betrothed of my soul, most amiable Jesus, my adorable consoler, I desire to love Thee with that perfect, complete, sincere, incomparable, invincible, and eternal love wherewith the Blessed in Heaven love Thee ! Yes, O God of my heart, joy of my soul, I desire to love Thee as much as Thou art loved by Thy Mother, blessed among all women, my Mother and Lady, the most pure Virgin Mary. I would fain

love Thee as Thou lovest Thyself, my Lord and my God, my salvation and my happiness. O my most adorable Jesus, grant that I may be consumed and melted in the furnace of Thy most ardent charity!"

St. Rose daily consecrated three hours to the duty of thanking God for His benefits; one in the morning, one at noon, and one in the evening. She took great delight in contemplating the divine perfections. At her request, one of her confessors made out a list of 150 divine attributes. These she divided into fifteen decades, which she used to recite slowly, adding to each decade a Gloria Patri, and she was accustomed to say that the infernal spirits greatly dreaded this prayer.

Our Saint never lost an opportunity of labouring for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. She urged the use of spiritual reading and meditation on all whom she knew; and she affirmed that the latter was the most powerful antidote against the poison of sin; that those who practised it, ensured their salvation, whilst those who neglected it were hurrying on to their destruction. She also powerfully recommended the recitation of the Holy Rosary, accompanied by meditation on the Mysteries. "The Rosary," she used to say, "combines vocal and mental prayer, supplication, praise, and thanksgiving; it is a devotion very pleasing to God." Everything which offended God was a subject of deep affliction to the Saint and excited her zeal; and, in spite of her habitual reserve, she would reprove any whom she saw talking in church; but she did this with such affability, that her words seemed rather a request than a rebuke. From her childhood it was well known, that, however patiently she might submit to personal contempt and ill-treatment, she would not tolerate any offence against God, committed in her presence, without at once reporting the matter to her parents. Lying she held in the greatest aversion; and she could not bear any inaccuracy in speech. "Excuse me," she would say, if she heard anything related inexactly: "what you say seems to me to be incorrect.

I think things happened thus," &c. St. Rose had been favoured with the gift of tears. She wept abundantly over her own imperfections and the sufferings of her Divine Spouse; but she called tears "pearls destined for the eternal treasury," and could not bear to see them wasted on worldly and trivial matters.

Our Saint's confidence in God knew no bounds. Though she regarded herself as the lowest of creatures, she was certain that her heavenly Spouse would never fail to protect her. She took special delight in constantly repeating the verse: "Incline to my aid, O God; O Lord, make haste to help me." This aspiration was all the more dear to her, as it had been a favourite also with St. Catherine of Siena. As a child, Rose had inherited from her mother a great fear of ghosts and of being alone in the dark. To overcome it, she used to retire into dark and solitary places to give herself to prayer. One very dark evening, she had remained in the garden praying till an advanced hour. Her mother came to seek her, accompanied by her father, for she was afraid to come alone. Rose heard them approaching, and said to herself: "My mother crosses the garden without fear, because my father is with her; and shall I be afraid of the darkness, having my heavenly Bridegroom always at hand? I cannot see Him at my side; but He is in my heart. My mother puts her trust in a mortal man and fears no danger when he is with her; and shall I tremble when my Saviour is with me?" This simple reflection cured her for ever of all her fears; from that moment she was afraid of nothing. She gave innumerable proofs of this courage inspired by confidence in God. When she was about twelve years old, she was one day out with her mother and brothers, when a mad bull, which had broken its bonds, rushed towards them. Doña Flores wished to take flight with her children, but Rose urged the whole party to stand still, and the infuriated animal rushed past without appearing to see them. Whilst the others were still trembling, Rose betrayed no signs of emotion and calmly remarked: "Let us quietly rely on the

assistance of God when danger threatens us and human help is wanting." At one time the Saint suffered from cruel doubts about her salvation; but our Lord appeared to her and dispelled her fears on this subject by these words: "Be of good heart, My daughter. I only condemn those who choose to be condemned."

Her Interior Sufferings. She enters the Third Order of St. Dominic. Her Mystic Espousals.

From the age of fifteen until her death, it pleased God to purify the soul of His servant by causing her to endure the most terrible spiritual desolation for an hour or more every day. It seemed to her that God had abandoned her; and she cried out with her Divine Spouse: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" In this state of mysterious suffering, her memory was completely obscured; it seemed to her each time that this moral torture was to last for ever; and she compared her anguish to the sufferings of purgatory and hell. Her understanding was without light; her will still tried to love, but was hard and cold as ice; her memory sought in vain for any consoling recollection. But in her sorrow she wholly submitted herself to the Divine Will. When pressed by her confessors to say what happened to her at the end of her daily agony, she told them that God suddenly flooded her soul with spiritual consolations, assuring her that He would never abandon her; and that visions of the Sacred Humanity of our Lord and of His Blessed Mother were then vouchsafed to her.

From childhood Rose had earnestly desired to wear that Dominican habit with which her beloved Mistress, St. Catherine of Siena, had been clothed. She ardently wished to see a Convent of Dominican nuns founded in Lima; but the Spanish Government would not give the necessary authorization, on the plea that there were enough convents in the city already. Spite of this

obstacle, which seemed insuperable, St. Rose predicted that her wishes would be realized. She even recognised at first sight the person who was to be the future Prioress, drew an exact plan of the buildings, and foretold that her own mother would take the habit in the new community; and after her death, all came to pass as she had said.

One day Rose fell into an ecstasy, and it was revealed to her that she was, according to her desire, to take the habit of the Third Order of St. Dominic. On the Feast of St. Laurence, therefore, A.D. 1606, being then in her 21st year, in her beloved Chapel of the Rosary, she received from the hands of her confessor the white habit and black mantle of the Order, continuing to reside as before in the house of her parents. Being now a member of the Order of Penance of St. Dominic, St. Rose redoubled her austerities, using a double iron chain in place of the discipline of knotted cords she had hitherto employed, and wearing next her skin a garment of horse-hair, garnished with sharp points and prickly thistles, so that she could not move a step without pain. Her health was always delicate, and during her whole life she was subject to a complication of diseases, which baffled human science, and left no part of her body without its torment; but in the midst of her pains she would exclaim: "O Lord, increase my sufferings, but increase also the flame of Thy love in my heart."

About the time of her admission into the Dominican Order, she was granted a most beautiful and instructive vision, which fortified her desire of suffering. Being in prayer, she was all of a sudden ravished in spirit, and beheld a brilliant light, in the midst of which was a resplendent arch of various colours; above the arch was a second of equal beauty, which bore in its centre the blood-stained Cross of our Lord; rays of light marked the place of the nails; the title, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews," was also discernible. Our Lord, resplendent with majesty and glory, appeared in the space between the two arches, and from His Sacred Humanity there darted forth flames which seemed to

penetrate into the inmost depths of the Saint's soul. Beside Him lay a pair of scales and some weights. The Angels took them and weighed out sufferings and tribulations, of which Jesus distributed a share to each of the elect, giving the Saint a large measure. Then she saw an enormous heap of heavenly favours, which our Lord Himself placed in the scales, weighed them with the tribulations, and then divided them amongst the elect, Rose receiving a share equal to the measure of her sufferings. After this, she heard our Lord say: "Affliction is always the companion of grace. Grace can only be obtained by suffering; Divine consolations are distributed in the same proportion as sufferings; let every one understand this. Let none deceive themselves. The way of the Cross is the only path which leads to Heaven. Earthly sorrows are the roots of heavenly joys." Then the Saint felt an earnest desire to proclaim to the whole world the blessings attached to suffering. "Know," said she, "that sufferings are never disproportioned to the strength of those to whom our Lord sends them; for He does not strike at random; His wisdom weighs out the crosses which He imposes."

The mystic espousals with our Lord, accorded to St. Catherine of Siena, were vouchsafed also to this her faithful client. St. Rose was prepared for this wonderful favour by a heavenly voice, which said to her: "Give Me thy heart," and by a mysterious dream in which our Lord appeared to her under the garb of a sculptor about to start on a journey, and asked her to become His Spouse. On receiving her consent, He showed her some blocks of marble which she was to polish and chisel during His absence. Shortly afterwards He again appeared to her, as though returned from His journey; the Saint excused herself for not having yet completed her task, saying it was a labour to which she was wholly unaccustomed, having hitherto only occupied herself with needlework and other female employments. "Think not," said our Lord, "that thou art the only one of thy sex on whom I have laid a similar task; look here." So saying He opened a door, and Rose beheld

a large workshop, full of blocks of marble. A multitude of young maidens, armed with chisels, mallets, and other tools, were carving and polishing the blocks, and watering them with their tears. Rose remarked, that, in spite of the dusty nature of their work, they were clothed in rich garments of spotless cleanliness, as though bidden to a marriage feast. Then it was revealed to her that this chiselling of stones was figurative of the pains, tears, and efforts needed for the acquisition of virtue. Whilst she was watching the maidens at their work, she suddenly beheld herself clothed in a magnificent garment of gold brocade, adorned with the richest jewels. She then awoke, full of supernatural joy and consolation. A few days afterwards, on Palm Sunday, the Saint was assisting with the other Sisters of the Third Order at the office of the day in the Church of St. Dominic, and the Sacristan forgot to give her a palm. In her humility, Rose attributed this omission to her sins, yet she failed not to follow the procession devoutly with the rest; and at the end of the ceremony, she resumed her place in the Rosary Chapel; and looking up affectionately at the statue of Our Lady, accused herself of having perhaps too eagerly desired the blessed palm. The Mother of God smiled upon her even more lovingly than usual; and Rose forgot her trouble and exclaimed: "Henceforth, most amiable Lady, I will never receive any palm from mortal hands, for thou, O palm-tree of Cades, wilt give me one which will never fade." Then Mary turned her eyes on the Divine Infant, as though asking a favour; and the Holy Child distinctly pronounced these words: "Rose of My Heart, be thou My Spouse." The Saint prostrated on the ground, and in the transport of her gratitude exclaimed: "I am Thy servant, O Lord. O King of glory, I am the last of Thy slaves. I am Thine, and desire to belong to Thee alone. I will be eternally faithful to Thee, and I desire to lay down my life for Thee." Then Our Lady said to her: "O my Rose, thou seest and understandest the favour which my Son has granted thee." The Saint resolved to have a ring made, which she

might always wear as a memorial of the immense favour which had been conferred upon her. She entrusted her brother Ferdinand with the commission, begging him to have a motto engraved on the ring. The young man, who knew nothing of what had passed, reflected for a moment, and then wrote down the very words which our Lord had used: "Rose of My Heart, be thou My Spouse." The Saint joyfully acquiesced, recognizing in this wonderful coincidence a fresh proof of the love of her Divine Spouse. The ring was brought to her on Maundy Thursday morning, and she begged the Sacristan of the Dominican Church to place it where the Blessed Sacrament was to repose. Her request was complied with; and on Easter Sunday the Saint suddenly beheld the ring on her finger, without knowing how it came there.

Closing Years of St. Rose's Life. Her last Illness and Death.

At the time of her espousals, our Lord told St. Rose that He would now take upon Himself the charge of her family; and thenceforth she consecrated to the service of the poor, the sick, and the afflicted, the time which she had hitherto devoted to working for the household. St. Rose beheld her Divine Spouse in the person of His suffering members, and laboured for them with heroic and self-sacrificing charity; and God often bestowed upon her miraculous powers for their relief. In her zeal for souls she was a true daughter of St. Dominic. She would gaze on the lofty mountains of her native land, and weep to think of the eternal loss of the poor pagans who dwelt in their recesses. Often was she heard to exclaim, that, to save souls, she would gladly suffer herself to be cut in pieces; and that she would fain be placed at the gate of hell to prevent sinners from entering there. She bore a holy envy to missionaries whose sex and vocation enabled them to carry the light of faith to the Indians and die a martyr's death. Once indeed she hoped that the crown of martyrdom was within her own grasp. On August 24th, A.D. 1615, the

Dutch fleet appeared off the coast of Peru. Now the Dutch were at that time impious and sacrilegious heretics, the implacable enemies of the faith. The inhabitants of Lima were panic-struck; but Rose, surrounded by a few devoted souls, hastened to the Dominican Church, and took her stand on the altar steps, well knowing she could do nothing to protect the Blessed Sacrament, yet resolved to shed her blood in its defence. "I shall entreat the heretics to slake their rage on me," she exclaimed; "and I hope, that, instead of killing me at one blow, they will slowly cut me to pieces, and that the Holy of Holies will be spared." When, however, the danger seemed most imminent, the Dutch Admiral was struck with apoplexy, the fleet sailed away, and no further attempt was made. Rose alone did not altogether share in the general rejoicing; she was disappointed at not having been permitted to shed her blood for our Lord.

The last three years of our Saint's life, with the consent of her parents, though from what cause does not appear, were spent under the roof of Don Gonzalo de la Massa, who held an important post under the Viceroy, and whose wife had always been devotedly attached to Rose. She had for some time previously been allowed the privilege of daily Communion, and had reduced her bodily sustenance to one or at most two mouthfuls of bread by day; often she passed whole weeks without taking any nourishment whatever. When she came to live with the de la Massa family, it became her practice to go daily to the Dominican Church, at daybreak, and assist at all the Masses celebrated there till noon, when she would return to the house and retire to a little garret, where she led as solitary a life as formerly in her cell in the garden. During the last Lent of the Saint's life, a little bird used to come daily to celebrate the praises of God in her company.

It was in the house of these kind friends that she was attacked by her last illness, which lasted three weeks, and was one of agonizing suffering, borne with the most angelic patience. She received the Last Sacraments

with the utmost devotion, reciting the Creed over and over again, and expressing her joy in living and dying a child of Holy Church. She begged that her white scapular might be placed before her, that she might have continually before her eyes the standard to which she had sworn fealty. Seeing her mother weeping beside her, she said: "Lord, I resign her into Thy hands, do Thou strengthen and support her." Her father was ill at the time, but she caused him to be carried to her bedside, that she might receive his last blessing. Then she asked for the blessed candle, raised her eyes to heaven, and pronounced the words: "Jesus, Jesus, be with me." Thus did her pure soul go forth to meet the Bridegroom, on the 24th of August, A.D. 1617, at the age of thirty-one. Her dying prayer had been heard; her mother found herself so overflowing with supernatural joy, that she was obliged to retire to conceal her transports.

The virginal body of St. Rose was buried with great honour in the Dominican Church. At the funeral, the image of Our Lady of the Rosary was seen to shoot forth beams of dazzling light, whilst the eyes of the Queen of Heaven seemed to rest lovingly on the mortal remains of her devoted client. An extraordinary religious movement took place at the death of St. Rose; the confessionals were besieged, hardened sinners were converted, scandals ceased, and works of charity and mortification were begun. This wonderful change was not confined to the city of Lima, but spread with marvellous rapidity throughout the whole of New Spain. By the rigour of her penances and the practice of heroic virtue, Rose had satisfied the Divine Justice, effaced the scandals of the past, and drawn down the blessing of God on her native land. She was beatified by Clement IX., A.D. 1668, and canonized by Clement X., A.D. 1671, the 30th of August being appointed for her festival. She was declared Patroness of America and of the Philippine Islands. The narrow limits of these pages preclude the insertion of any of the miracles and heavenly favours granted through the intercession of this "First Victim of Divine Love in the New World."